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Picture by Christophe Mourthé - model: Dita - see our exclusive interview in this issue.



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All letters, subscriptions, advertising and information:

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All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with \*.tif files on PC compatible disks. Also, Fetish Photo Anthology

fetish magazine who dares to go where none has gone before! Yeah, yeah...

I've been working hard these last times and I think that this issue is living proof of my hard labour. We've had some hard times, but finally everything is getting back in shape and I think that next year will be much better. We are even planning to shoot the first Secret video...look out for that in futur issues.

While I'm writing this, I'm also preparing the next volume of the Fetish Photo Anthology. For those who don't know what it is; it's a sort of yellow pages, illustrated of course, with the world's best fetish photographers around. Well, those that have contacted me and that I know off...and those who are not too capricious and want to be printed in Secret/Anthology. You see, a lot of photographers are very willing to be published, but ones they hit the "big time", we don't exist anymore. Well, that's too bad for them, because they don't know what they are missing. So, my dear readers, order your copy now and enter the secret world of fetish and S&M. It's quite a trip, that I can tell you!

I'm also finishing a new book of the Belgian fetish photographer, Jacques Leurquin, called **Fetish & Fantasmatique**. It's a very nice book, with over 150 pages, all in striking black and white. More about that in this issue.



So? What more? Nothing? Oh yes, lot's, but I really don't know if you are interested. You see, I'm hardly getting any mail anymore. No letters, no stories, no nothing. That reminded me that Secret is your magazine. It's not mine, it's yours. You, the readers make this magazine what it is; a reflection of what you have been living the last couple of months. A reflection of your fantasies, your perversions, your dreams,... So, why is it that you don't write me anymore. Do you think that there are thousands others who will do it in your place? Hell no! So, move your butts and get that pencil and paper! Or get your camera's and shoot some bondage/fetish pictures for me.

Looking forward to that....~smiles

Jürgen Boedt  
editor



### Chris!

Well, this highly talented artist didn't have much luck in '97...yeah, yeah, I know, we're going back a bit here. But it's a sad story. Chris' studio burned down completely and almost all of his originals were lost, computer stuff etc...all gone. I can sympathise. I had the same experience in 1990 when my house burned down. I lost all my youth in one night. My records, 600 of them!, my loveletters, my boots, ...so I know how hard this can be. But Chris is gifted and he's looking for people who want to see their own fetish or fantasy drawn/painted or illustrated. He's reasonably priced too! If you want to see a sample drawing, then send 20US\$/£10 to the following address: CHRIS, GSP Productions, P.O.Box 4717, South Norwood, London, SE25 5XL, England.

### Corporal Punishment

The British continue to amuse me. Their Government has reintroduced "corporal punishments" in school. Banned some several years ago it was

good! ahum, sorry about that, got carried away. Besides that, Secret is still banned in England...by the Government, that is.



### Master Billy

We proudly present the world's first gay doll. Billy has six uniforms, master Billy, yeah, yeah, sailor Billy, San Francisco Billy, Vacation Billy... They are available from Totem International, P.O.Box 11505, London, W14 9GZ, England. Tel: 0181.960.1792 or Totem International Inc., P.O.Box 1820, Madison Square Station, New York, NY, 10159-1820, USA. totemusa@aol.com

### S&M judge

You may remember the Belgian judge sentenced to one years imprisonment and loss of all civil rights. Well, he just tried to cut over his wrists. Depressed after the judgement, he got carried

They host a monthly strict dress code fetish parties on the second Friday of every month. You can contact them at: Fetish Factory, 821 N. Federal Hwy, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33304, USA. email: fetfac@mediaone.net phone: 954.462.00.32

### People into BDSM

Just a quick note to mention that they have started a huge research project about people into BDSM.

The idea is to gather psychological and sociological data from BDSM practitioners with a view to understanding them better and comparing them to the population at large. While my fellow researchers had some ideas about what they are likely to find, I'm sure that there will be several surprises. To date, there have been few such academic research projects, and most of those were very superficial. This survey should correct all that and give us some solid facts for future reference. <http://BDSM.SexResearch.org/BDSMSurveyP.html>

### Mistress Roxanne

Famous Belgian transexual has been sentenced to 3 years prison. She was selling videos where she/he was showing off what she/he was capable of doing. Fist fucking, piercing, S&M in the pure and noble sense. But it seems that the judges didn't like the scatology too much. ~ smiles. I'm just sitting here behind my screen and wondering about these judges who had to go through the whole collection of Roxanne's videos. Probably had a great time! No? Well, the news article stated "even taking great tolerance in consideration, we cannot have these scenes on view. It would open the door to all excesses and cruelty". Roxanne was not present at the judgement, she/he is too smart for



## A History of Sex

The picture you see here was distributed as "a free boomerang card" in Amsterdam in honour of the History of Sex exposition in the Groninger Museum. It seems that Holland is becoming more and more tolerant. A good example of how it could be!

## PARTY TIME

The next Wasteland-party: Saturday 3 April 1999 at the North Sea Venue, Hemkade 48, Amsterdam. For more information visit website <http://www.wasteland.nl> or call + + 31206225637.

## Europerve by DeMask

The next EUROPERVE is to be the 29th May 99. Don't miss it!!



## Kumar the Fakir

The Barcelona based circus performer has several tricks. One of them is bell lifting and hammering five inch nails through his foreskin. This picture was taken from the magazine **BIZARRE** (very original name!) with subtitle, "More balls, less bollocks". It covers everything from circus acts to other shocking images they can find around the globe. The sometimes mind boggling images are a big part of the magazine and is sometimes of ...ahum, bad taste. Never the less an eyeopener. Picture below: a Taoist during the "Vegetarian Festival" on the island of Phuket. More information on 44.1454.620070.



## Domination Directory

00007, Palm Springs, CA 92263, USA.  
New internet site: [www.DDIMag.com](http://www.DDIMag.com)

## Juxtapoz - Erotica

A warm welcome to this newcomer from the USA. The contents are concentrated on art, fetish art, Japanese art, illustrations, sculpture, painting, etc. It's highly informative, simple layout (a nice change from all these screaming flashy ones!) and clearly written by somebody who knows their job. Well done. Contact: Juxtapoz, P.O.Box 884570, San Francisco, CA 94188-4570, USA. Subscriptions are only 10US\$ for 4 issues. Recommended by Secret.



## Taboo

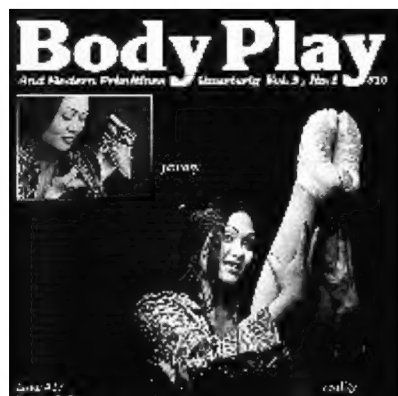
Hustler's version of the fetish scene has become a thorn in the flesh of every fetish publication. They mingle the fetish scene with some very good photography but also with some "bad taste" erotic photography. The advertising pages with girls opening wide their legs showing off their cunt in all its glory with the text "taste me" and other smutty pictures are dreadful. But collectors and admirers





## Dresseuse

Finally the French fetish scene has a excellent new fetish magazine. They call themselves "the new esthetique and erotique magazine", but from beginning to end they are very, very s&m and fetish. The news section is one where even I find news. The book section is of a high quality and the interviews and pictures are some of the best found around these days. The rest of the magazine is a sort of mailorder catalogue where some good videos are available. Contact: Zaza, P.O.Box 90302, 44203, Nantes Cedex 2, France. (french text)



interesting people I have had the chance and pleasure to meet. In this issue you will find a great piece on Japanese Bondage, footbondage by Nancy and much more. Subscribe or write for more information to: Insight Books, P.O.Box 2575, Menlo Park, CA 94026-2575, USA.



Monumentenstrasse 19, 10965 Berlin Kreuzberg, Germany. email: [redaktion@twilight.de](mailto:redaktion@twilight.de)

## Catalogues



## Ben's Fashion

If you're a rubber fetishist, then this name must ring a bell. There are only few good rubber dipped garment manufacturers and next to Latexa,



renowned for. On sale at Boutique MINUIT in Brussels.



## Hot Plastic

Karo Designs are known for their dresses that can be worn in public (with adequate underwear) and the more daring outfits reserved for intimate meetings and evenings. Most of the dresses have openings where the breast are, so they can hang out freely, or a see-through plastic panel for the bottom part of the dress. In fact most of the dresses are just made to show you what you'd normally hide with your casual clothing. You are dressed, but show off your best points! This catalogue, party in colour, is a true masterpiece and very representative of their fetish collection. All pictures are done by Karo himself. Catalogues and clothing can be obtained at Karo Design, Postfach, 601303, 22213 Hamburg, Germany. Fax: ++.040.2798910. Mention Secret.



## Videos



## BIZARRRE VIDEO

If titles like "Dueling Master" or "Spanked Therapy" are the sort of video titles that ring your bell, then this may interest you. Bleu Blossom is a specialized video retailer who offers a big selection of "fetish orientated" video's. Prices range from 40 US\$ to 3 videos for only 99US\$. Write to: Bean Blossom, 20/40 Jay Street, Brooklyn NY, 11201, USA. Mention Secret so I can get a free video and tell you more about them. Cheeky me....Hey, don't forget that the USA has NTSC system, so be careful when ordering or read your videomanual



## The Black Glove



Superb video from producer Maria Beatty. Being a sub herself, she lets the movie live a life of it's own. The lights and shadows make the film. It's beautifully bizarre. It's only 30 minutes long, but it's some of the best minutes ever put on video. Contact: Bleu Productions Inc., P.O.Box 20280, New York, NY, 10011, USA. [Http://www.bleuproductions.com](http://www.bleuproductions.com)



## Latex Electrical Sluts Episode 1

This intriguing name attracted my attention immediately. Ahum, I mean, well, ... smiles ...well of course it did, why else would you be reading this? I discovered this video in a mainstream American magazine and wrote immediately to get my copy. I'll tell you in the next issue if it's any good. Price 67 US\$ airmail for overseas customers, meaning me. Fashion World Int., 9777 Business Park Drive #C, Sacramento, CA 95827, USA. Again, mention Secret if you are writing to them. They also offer some free information.

## More bizarre video's & books:

Bizarre Video, 20-40 Jay St. ,  
Brooklyn, NY 11201, USA

Jaybird, Rue Scailquin 51, 1210  
Bruxelles. Tel: 32.2.219.80.07

La Pomme D'or, 97 Rue Saint Denis,  
75001 Paris, France.

Kama Sutra, 19 Rue Pierre Lescot,  
75001 Paris, France

Shadow Lane, P.O.Box 1910, Studio  
City, CA 94614-0910, USA.

Private Video, 8500 Venice Blvd. Suite



## Dressing For Pleasure by Paula

This video, is the most extravagant fetish show you have ever seen. Tanta Fash were once an extreme couple making extreme garments. Now only this video can show you the wonderful clothing they invented. They were the pioneers together with John Sutcliffe who created the basics for fetish as we know it today. More information at: Eccentric Fashion, P.O.Box 1, 4857 Riken, Switzerland.

## Music

Secret is open for all kinds of music, so if you are doing anything in the fetish/sm scene, send us your work and we'll mention it to our readers.



## Call

It's very hard to describe the music of the electronic group CALL. I don't like comparing them to other groups, but it does give me (sometimes) the feeling of the young Depeche Mode. The voices are more electronic, the atmosphere less dance, but it has something about that. Their works called Domina (see Secret issue 13), Flesh and Obsession are good. I particular liked the cover photography, see above and below, and the tense electronic music. I wouldn't use it for dungeon performances, but I do like to encourage young artists in their work. You can order them at Consequence Records, Dingbuch 3, 83139 Söchtenau, Germany. Price: 30DM each CD. Distribution is done by: SPV, P.O.Box 721147, 30531 Hannover, Germany. Mention Secret.





Mitchell of Skin Two. Doesn't this ring a bell???



## Porn ART 2

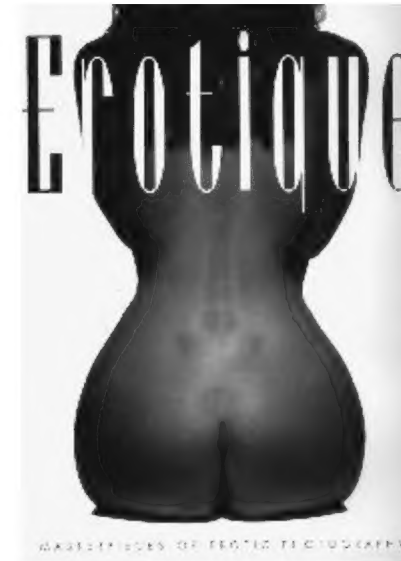
"Cloë des Lysses does exists, I penetrated her". Several men can claim that. She, with the angel looking expresion, gave her body to several men. The photographer Dahmane asked his muse to realise our most secret fantasies. Being

penetrated in the ass, being taken by a black in a dirty garage, in the fields, woods, on the beach. Always she has this expression on her face that is saying "wouldn't you like to be in his place?". Sometimes she is looking straight in the camera and is making fun of the reader. The pictures are of a technical high quality, equal to Mapplethorpe. The erotic scenes are hardcore porn. Leading to the title of the book: **Porn Art**. She is a vicious, perverted women with an unsatisfied lust. She loves it and shows it in the pictures. He is a very skilled photographer... Edited by Alixe. Available from Media 1000, 122 Rue du Chemin Vert, 75011 Paris, France. Perfect bound, 80 pages of lust. Price: 200 FF



## Erotique

Erotique is a beautiful collection of almost 200 erotic photographs in black and white and colour and features the work of some of the world's most influential





Being always on the look out for good bondage material I stumbled on this company. Detective, Naked & Bound, Close-Up on bondage are just a few of titles of the excellent magazines they produce.

Several of these pictures were taken during the making of the video's. Here on the left some of the Supermodel Scheme with Darla, Whitney and Ashley directed by Kristine Imboch. Some who have been around for a couple of years will definitely know this name. Editor of Bondage Life, she now works for Close-Up Concepts and produces these excellent video's.

You want to know more? I'm certain you do! Well, just write to:

Close-Up Concepts  
P.O.Box 93698  
Los Angeles, CA 90093-3698  
USA.

<http://www.closeup-inc.com>  
<http://www.bdtv.com>

Mention Secret Magazine.....









Hook Torture is an erotic art zone which is used to create, show and enjoy our fetish Planet. It was mainly created because of the political climate in America who is cutting the funds of artists involved in the erotic, homoerotic and degenerate arts. The space is used as a working studio by several Chicago artists. Within it's walls is a collection of unusual items that are lent out to virgining and not so virginal artists, at no cost.

The most enjoyable aspect of Hook Torture are the celebrations of art. Hosted by Chris Kellner, these parties bring a wide





You can find the instructions for using these rules in issue 14. Since then, a lot has happened. Here are finally the 128 rules, but I would like to state here that these are rules are in no way to be followed to the word. They are a sort of guideline for beginners, to give more ideas to experts, etc., but please bare in mind that the "game" must stay fun. There has been a lot written and said about these rules, and when we decided to publish them, it is simply because we thought they are fun, erotic and can give a good reflection of how one can see his domination or submission. There are many more rules, but most of them are made up in the couple itself. One of my first rules are safe, sane and consensual BD/SM. Some actions described in these rules are not safe, and in these times of aids, one has to be careful. Now, read on, and send me your comments or critics.

*Jürgen Boedt*

1. i will serve, obey and please my Master.
2. Above all else my primary focus shall be to please my Master, hoping that He finds me pleasing in all that I do, whether i am in His presence or not. my Master knows of my potential, learning more about me in each day i am with Him. He trusts that i will act in accordance with what He perceives of my potential - He knows what is best for me and how important it is that i set a good example for other females who may be present around me.
3. i worship my Master.
4. i worship my Master's body.
5. The power of my Master fills me with awe. Just the sheer thought of Him or the hearing of His voice gives me strength.
6. To receive pleasure i must earn it.
7. i worship my Master's whip.
8. i trust my Master: His responsibilities, His skills, His hunger and needs, and His concern for my safety, my emotional, psychological, social, sexual, and physical health.
9. i am nothing more than an object of great value - an instrument Master will use to draw out His pleasures.
10. i will ask my Master for permission to satisfy whatever need i have before acting on it.
11. my body and mind are the property of my Master.
12. i must always give thanks to my Master for all i am given immediately after receiving what He has given me, for such things are gifts or privileges granted to me by Him.
13. i must be both specific and explicit in my speech.
14. i will not hesitate when responding to my Master. my focus is important to my growth.
15. i will thank my Master for the discipline and punishments i receive, specifying what i received and expressing the reason as to why i was given them.
16. i have no will of my own other than that which falls within the context of the rules i have selected and of that which is needed to pursue the ambitions i am allowed to seek out as according to the permissions i have received from my Master. i will report to Him my progress in such

pursuit. i trust my Master will keep me safe, protecting His reputation and mine in the presence of others, as He examines my ability to present myself to Him and to others in a subtle manner when required to protect our lifestyle from those who may not understand, nor support, as long as our behavior is not in anyway misrepresented nor misinterpreted by those who may be afar. i am to set, once again, a good example, ready to explain my position to others when required to do so. my lifestyle is a part of a growing culture for which i must never forget that i am an integral part.

18. All my choices shall be based upon whether or not they will please my Master.

19. When i am not in the presence of my Master and i have choices to make - i will perform them to the best of my abilities and within the boundaries and guidance He has allowed me.

20. i shall wear the collar my Master gives me with pride for it signifies His ownership of me and my devotion to Him.

21. i shall wear the chains my Master gives me as a symbol of my position in life - that of bondage to Him. i shall wear them, as required, around my neck, my wrists, my ankles or around my waist.

22. When i am ready - i shall wear His rings to signify my submission to Him - one pierced through each nipple of my breasts and one through each labia of my pussy.

23. my mouth shall only be referred to as a cunt for it will often be used as if it were a pussy.



all of it when Master cums into my cunt (and be punished should I spill any of it from my lips), licking it up if Master cums into my hands or into a plate i hold in front of Him to receive it, or onto the food He gives me which He may require of me to hold just under His cock as He ejaculates over it. i will clean His cock thoroughly squeezing out every last drop. In rare and privileged cases i may wear my Master's cum on my body, sometimes after massaging it into my skin. Cum is a gift from my Master and it is an honor to receive it. The eating of my Master's cum will be counted as one of my meals for that day.

27. i worship my Master's cock, its head and its shaft, especially when it is hard or when i am given the opportunity to make it hard for Him.

28. i will worship my Master's ass only after a thorough washing of it. i shall do so hungrily, being sure to lick between the cheeks for as long as Master requires me to do so. i will use my hands to spread my Master's cheeks apart.

29. i will never look into the eyes of my Master without his permission. To do so would be inappropriate of my position, and doing so could be interpreted by Him that i am seeking His attention or expecting Him to act - when such things are up to Him and to Him alone.

30. my head must be bowed down in the presence of my Master unless i am given permission to do so otherwise. i honor the position of my Master and it is important that i am not distracted in my submission to Him.

31. my eyes must be cast down in the presence of my Master unless i am given permission to do so otherwise. i am to focus on my behavior, waiting to act appropriately and without hesitation when directed to do so by Him.

32. i must always wear revealing and sexy clothing of good taste around my Master unless given permission to do so otherwise. The clothing i wear will allow easy access to my pussy, ass and breasts. The clothing will emphasize and often exaggerate my assets. i will wear such clothing in any kind of weather. How i present my body to Him or in front of others is more important than my discomfort and insecurities.

33. When others show an interest in what i am wearing i must ask them if they would like to see more and then gladly show them what they would like to see - but only after i have received permission from my Master - for i trust my Master's judgement that such a display is not only reasonable but is safe to do.

34. i must remove all of my clothing in the way i have been taught when Master commands of me to do so - regardless of who may be present and despite where it is i am - i trust my Master.

35. When i remove clothing from my body it must be folded neatly and placed in a small pile in front of me iust



37. my legs, underarms and pussy must be kept completely shaved smooth and clean so that nothing of me is hidden from view.

38. Unless otherwise given permission - my hair must be kept up in a manner that is ravishing so that my shoulders and the nape of my neck are fully exposed - especially when i am naked. It is important to Master that i appear not just attractive, but alluring and desirable.

39. Whenever i need to pick something up or receive something from someone else i must do so wherever possible by going into a kneeling position to show that i am honored to do so. i will perform this motion according to how Master has taught me.

40. my pussy and ass must be thoroughly washed and of a good aroma at all times, if even perfumed, but especially before serving my Master.

41. my «place» is on my knees before my Master, for it is a privilege and honor to be His slave.

42. When in the presence of my Master, but not in use, i will go to the place He has selected until i am needed by Him.

43. my greatest felt satisfaction is realized when i know i have pleased my Master.

44. There can be no greater pain or suffering i can feel then when Master is not pleased with me. Naturally i will feel depressed, saddened, empty, and lost. i can only hope He will show His mercy upon me and provide to me

inside and out, bringing me to a feeling i cherish: ' at home '.

46. i fear no other power for my Master is always with me.

47. i will not hesitate in my obedience to my Master.

48. Whenever Master speaks, even when i am speaking, i am to immediately become silent so i may be able to listen intensely to what He has to say. i must never interrupt Him unless He has shown me how to communicate with Him, if i need to. i must ask first for His permission to speak, specifying to whom i would like to speak to, and whether or not i may be allowed to speak freely - then and only then, if granted, may i say anything more than asking first to speak.

49. The opportunity to please my Master is very important to me and i will take every chance to seek out such opportunities to do so to the best of my abilities and in accordance to how i have been taught or allowed to do so.

50. i choose willingly to be treated as my Master's property - as long as such treatment is safe and legal.

51. When Master feels i am ready and our relationship has progressed to a lifelong commitment, i shall be specially prepared to receive His unique and permanent mark of ownership upon my flesh, in a place of His choosing, whether it be a piercing, a tattoo or a branding. Thereafter, i shall become His property and slave in the

manner through them that He, and others who may be present, will find most pleasing.

54. i must never reach orgasm without explicit permission from my Master. Failure to receive properly asked for permission and i will endure the punishment Master will put upon me without my safeword. Such pleasure must be seen as a privilege so that i do not take advantage of it.

55. The safeword given to me by my Master can be spoken at any time - even when i have been told to be silent. If i am not able to verbalize it - i trust my Master will show me how i can express it. Safewords are for my protection as well as His. i must be careful not to take more than i can handle, as He will need to know when to stop from getting carried away with His own passions - so that i may be prepared over time to endure more for Him.

56. my safeword, verbal or otherwise, cannot be used when i am being punished. i must remember that punishment could never be very effective if i were able to control it - i must take it in full measure - so that i will focus on the correction of my behavior for the long term, for unlike discipline, punishment is not what i will want again. i should know better. However, safewords can be used when i am being disciplined - Master will let me know which is which when the time has come that such treatment is necessary to correct my behavior.

57. i must confess to my Master when i have been naughty so that He may decide if such violations require me to be disciplined or to be punished. i must accept whatever decisions He makes by thanking Him for His choice - if He allows it before or shortly thereafter, specifying as to why i will be or have been disciplined or punished. i must focus upon how sorry i am for not behaving in the way in which i have been taught - for i have brought defilement upon myself and to Him an unacceptable act which is displeasing to Him.

58. i realize Master may own more than one slave, if He so chooses, and that i, unless allowed by Him, may never be able to have another Master other than Him, accept by His choosing to further my training. i trust Master will take whatever precautions are necessary to keep the slaves He chooses to own sexually healthy and to provide whatever measures are necessary to protect us from the eruptions and ravages of any jealousy which may try to corrupt the relationships our Master has allowed between each of us - including the one we each have with Him.

59. i must never be concerned when i feel too much of my flesh is showing, in private or in the general public - however, i can ask my Master for permission as to how to handle my discomfort.

60. i am a female slave - of worth and value to any Master who would find me useful. my role has been clearly brought into definition through my ability to recognize and





© Twist Video productions

know my performance will be measured and corrected as He sees fit should i be required to attend to, provide myself to, perform with, or upon another female slave.

62. i must tell my Master if i have had an orgasm without His permission so that i can be properly punished for my disobedience and disrespect.

63. Pain and pleasure shall be with me always - in my thoughts and my fantasies - for the contrast strengthens me to behave in the manner my Master expects of me. Such thoughts and fantasies are tainted with the memories i have from the last time i was in the presence of my Master. He is with me always.

64. my limits do not have to be respected - i trust my Master to take me past them when He expects that i am ready - for each side of the wall of my limitations is both pleasurable and a challenge - one side more intense than the other. My only hope in such transferences is that Master will be able to take me there again and again as my relationship to Him progresses through time, that He too will need it as much as i will, and that He will not be afraid to increase the intensity while we are there.

65. i have much to learn in order to become a well-trained and well-behaved slave.

66. i will endure whatever discipline or punishment my Master gives me so i can become a better slave for Him.

67. i will work on building up my tolerances to the level

feeling inside can be real and it can grow. i may be able to step away from the hunger of my nature, but not for long, for soon it could effect every part of my life. It is important that i seek a Master to please - but if i cannot find one or that i shall not be found, i am not totally lost for i must always remember: i will survive - for it is my nature to do so. my drive to please can be adapted towards the needs of others even though they may not be as satisfying as the one i would have towards a Master. i must keep in the back of mind that there is a Master who is looking too and that i need to be patient by redirecting my needs in other ways where i can provide pleasure to others.

73. i shall never think of myself as a weak person for it takes a strong female to commit to the drive inside me, to serve, to obey and to please a Master. i too have responsibilities and as natural as they may seem to me it is important that i use all of my faculties including my creative spirit to submit to a Master in a unique fashion personal to my relationship with Him. By doing so i hope to provide a good example to those females around me who may still be learning so they too are not led astray from their primary focus, that they are as true to their nature as i strive to continue to be to mine. i must remember that how i well i behave enlightens and empowers me to become even closer to who i am - a devoted slave, of good rapport to a Master who truly understands my needs in relationship to His own.

74. i will give all that i am to my Master in order to become free.

75. i must never show disrespect towards my Master in any way - no matter where i am - in his presence or not.

76. Crying and the shedding of tears at any time is good and expected for it softens my will and bonds me closer to my Master.

77. Only in complete submission to my Master shall i realize the depth of the love i have for Him.

78. The needs of my Master must always come first before mine own for they offer an opportunity to please Him.

79. i must be attentive to the needs of my Master and always be ready to respond to them to the best of my abilities and in the unique ways in which i have chosen and have developed for Him.

80. i am allowed to suggest ways to further my training or use of me, verbally or through my journal, as long as i address my Master properly first.

81. i must always respond fully both physically and verbally to whatever my Master does with me. The expressions of my emotions and my physical responses are important to Him. i must never hold back any part of their display, regardless of how intense they may be, unless restricted to do so.

82. i am a sexual and sensual being.



offering will please Him. If not, i want Him to punish me.  
87. It is important for me to eat plenty of carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins in the foods and fluids i am permitted to choose to nourish my body and mind, and to exercise my body regularly, as permitted by my Master, to increase my physical strength, to keep my limbs as flexible as possible, and to maintain or improve my figure so i may be able to endure my Master's use of me however intense and for however long a period is required by Him. i want to be of a healthy and sound mind and body, free as possible of any personal limitations, when pleasing my Master.

88. If i am required to be my Master's toilet, into or onto which He chooses to release the watery juices of His cock, i shall position myself to receive His personal waters by kneeling for Him, tilting my head back, opening my cunt wide, and closing my eyes so that He will delight in the display and offering of my body and of one of my orifices for Him choose upon which one to use. i shall remain still as He releases Himself, swallowing what i can of the waters He allows me. i shall play with myself during the release, as is instructed by Him, so that i am permitted to sexualize the experience as much as possible for His pleasure, thanking Him afterwards for allowing me the opportunity to honor Him in this most private way.

89. i will not wear a pad or tampon when i am on my period without His permission - my pussy must be available for His use at all times. Should i be allowed to use a pad or tampon - it must be removed in His presence should He require my vagina to be emptied - regardless of where i am and who may be present. The use of a pad or tampon is a privilege that can be taken away from me at any time. If so, i can only hope i will be allowed to bleed for His pleasure and to feel my blood trickling down my legs or to strain to hear it drip onto the floor or onto another female slave he has selected to punish with my blood.

90. If Master has chosen my sexual orientation to that of being bisexual, and He requires of me to receive the watery juices or blood of a chosen female slave's pussy, i am to position myself, as i would for Master, to receive upon my flesh or into my cunt the slave's juices, and if permitted to do so, either through His command or after receiving permission from Him to display for Him my hunger, i will cup my cunt tightly to the slave's pussy to feed from her, licking and sucking, if allowed to do so, as much as i can get from her remaining tightly cupped to her until Master allows me to release myself from her. Thereafter, i am to be thankful for what i have received and for the privilege He allowed me. Such a feeding will be counted as one of my meals for the day.

91. If it is possible to practice my basic attire in my



93. i must never tighten my body when it is being whipped, caned, cropped, slapped, paddled, belted, strapped, spanked, bullwhipped, signal whipped, or anally or vaginally pumped. my Master likes it when my flesh jiggles and He knows that when i tighten my body it hurts more and inhibits my ability to display my expressions and emotions.

94. i am proud to wear upon my body the marks given to me by my Master. i know that my Master will never mark me permanently - other than the mark of His ownership He will give me at the proper time, but i will gladly suffer for Him so he can mark me with the stripes he wishes to decorate my body with for His viewing pleasure.

95. i will always listen with a strong interest in whatever my Master has to say during my training. i want to learn all that i can from Him so i can understand more about Him, about me, about the bdsm scene and community, and those involved in bdsm relationships - so i may be able to better understand the world i am apart of and be able to communicate it accurately to anyone who wishes to know more about it.

96. When i take a shower i can do so the way i like to, but when i have finished washing i must rinse my entire body with only cold water for not less than 2 full minutes. i am not to try to cover my body with my arms and hands thereafter. i may use a towel to dry off, but in my Master's house - only His whip shall be used to dry me.

taught me.

99. If required: the plug Master has provided me must be inserted deeply into my pussy before arriving at my Master's house. Failure to do so and i shall feel the punishment He will give upon my pussy as i keep the lips of it pulled apart - for the plug was intended to provide me pleasure.

100. i hope Master will choose to use my tongue as His towel after His shower so i may be able to worship His body.

101. Until Master has chosen it is time for me to wear a more permanent mark of ownership upon my flesh, i shall proudly wear His temporary mark of ownership upon me wherever He chooses to place it.

102. When sitting i shall sit up straight with my legs together and my palms down on the top of my thighs.

103. i will not speak to others without my Master's permission except to say to them that they will have to speak to my Master first. This is especially important at play parties.

104. i shall learn to endure each whipping Master gives me by using the technique of saying 'YES' through each of strike brought down upon me.

105. i shall gladly make my body available to my Master to be used as furniture: my body positioned to decorate a room or a garden, a footstole to rest his weary feet and legs upon, my backside as a His table to eat off of, the cleavage of my breasts to hold his wine glass, my palms to be used to hold a plate of His food, or my hands to hold a book open for Him to read or a lamp to for Him to see.

106. Privacy is a privilege - even to have it when i need to use the bathroom. i must ask for it and accept my Master's decision even when i am denied of it.

107. As a helper slave i shall assist my Master in the setting of a scene or in the training and use of other female slaves.

108. As a preparer slave i shall ready other female slaves for my Masters use, harden His cock for Him, or harden the cocks of others He allows me to harden.

109. As a cleaner slave i shall use my tongue to clean the cum of my Master from the body of a female slave He has put it upon, my cunt to suck for it from a female slave's pussy my Master has used for His pleasure, or to clean the cocks i am allowed to clean that have been pulled out of the pussies of other slaves. For as a cleaner slave i am to lick up what semen i can find.

110. As a provider slave i shall offer parts of my body to those selected by my Master for their pleasure. i will also offer myself to those who wish to use me for a demonstration or to experiment on.

111. As a domestic slave i shall perform chores about my Master's house. and those of others He allows. acting in a

stopping for a few minutes, and then finally working it again to a full orgasm. Then and only then shall i enjoy an orgasm on my own. Should i cum before the third tier - i will tell my Master so i may be punished. i will play with myself in this manner even in His presence.

115. Should Master ever wish to cage me for display, i will gladly crawl into it and proudly position myself in it in ways He finds pleasing, in solitude and quiet, so that if He chooses, others may delight in what they see without any interruption from me, seeing that i am well-behaved and humbled that i am Master's property and slave. i can only hope that Master would never put me into a cage to confine me my misbehavior, that i could never come that close to displease Him so much that i would have to suffer such humiliation, begging with my tears and my cries for his forgiveness, for i want the cage to be my safe haven from my fears, a place i can crawl into of my own free will, locked into it because Master granted my request to be locked in it.

116. i am free to leave my Master at any time without the fear of permanently losing Him as my Master.

117. At the beginning of my relationship with my Master i shall present to Him three names for Him to decide upon as to which one will be my slave name. i know that He does not have to choose any of them and that He can choose one of His own for me to be known by. Thereafter, when someone asks who i am i can respond by introducing myself in the following manner: «i am slave <slavename>, property of Master John.»

118. i will periodically examine my whole life and look for how it has changed as a result of my relationship to my Master. i will speak to my Master about those areas where there have been improvements and those areas where i feel uncomfortable, insecure, or unsure of what direction i should take, how i should behave, or how i can behave in a manner that is different than how i have been behaving in the past.

119. i want to suffer for my Master in ways that please Him and that are safe for me to do so.

120. i will not be passive in serving my Master. i will aggressively participate in my exchange with Him.

121. If i am sent to another Master to serve - i will serve that Master well, as if He were my Master, for i want my Master to receive a good report after i have been returned to Him.

122. Should Master wish for my breasts to be suckled by a female slave of His choice or that that legal and safe drugs be used to induce the production of milk in my breasts, i will do my best to keep my milk up so that He and others may feed from me, that my breasts will be full, tight and extra sensitive as much as possible, for however long Master wants my breasts to produce milk for Him.

that i learn to handle money wisely so, if needed, i can reach my goals or be ready for any emergency where finances may be required for resolution.

125. If i am wearing a dress or skirt and no panties and i am going to sit down - i must sit on my bare skin - and do so gracefully whether i am in private or in public. If i feel that i am not as clean as i should be, i will tell my Master, so that He can decide what should be done.

126. When i wear nylons i will wear them only with garters and high heels. i will never wear panty hose - such items of clothing shall be thrown out.

127. When i am in the presence of my Master and i am free to move about i will do so in seductive and enticing ways.

128. i will give to Master my body, mind and spirit, in faith of His knowledge of the skills, safety and firstaid measures necessary to put me through painfully ecstatic and euphoric edgeplay: the use of needles and pins to pierce my flesh; the use of scoring tools to make drawings upon my body or to selectively and carefully cut my skin to make me bleed with little or no scarring; aromatherapy where He will throw me into higher states of consciousness with the scents of oils and incense; blood and breath control to bring me to the edge of my survival to feel the battle for my self-preservation; knifeplay to intensify my awareness of my existence racing parallel with my threatened drive to live; and other such uses. Through these activities i shall learn to ride on the top edge of my fears and the bottom edge of my perception of utter terror - for it is there i shall come to know my greatest fear of all: that i will want to go there again and again.

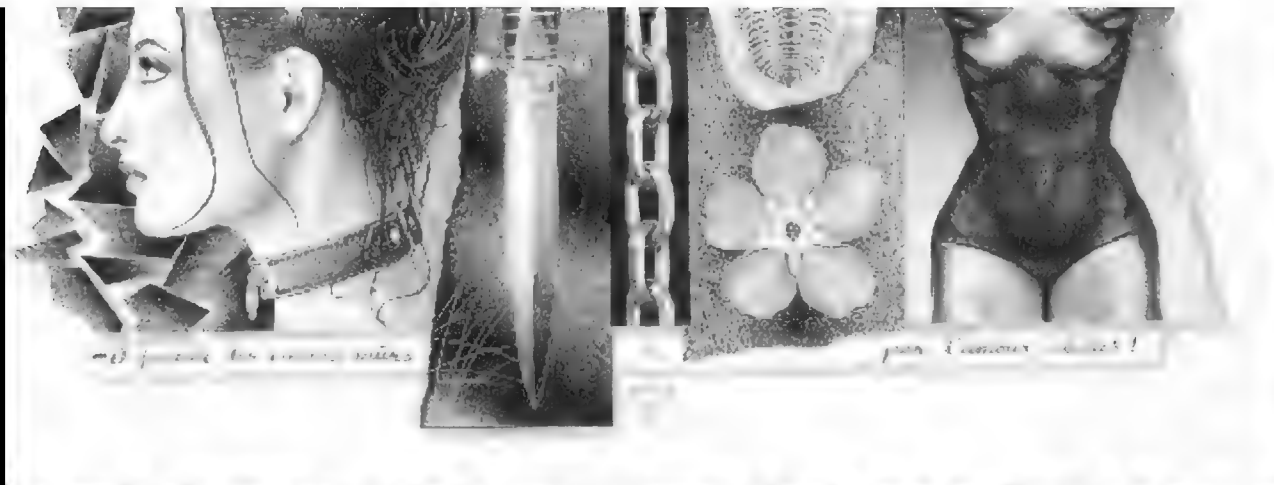
the end.

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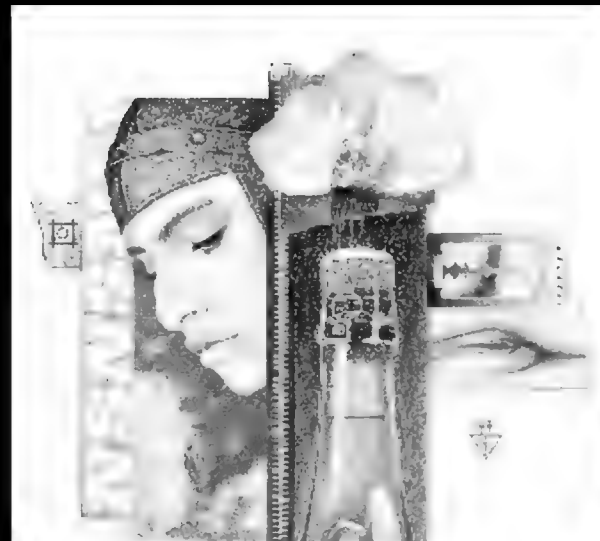
You can find me in the new MINUIT catalogue together with my nasty sisters. Make me happy and order your copy of this fantastic book. In fact, I'm so certain you will love this book that I will pay back any amount back! Hardcover, over 80 pages, intriguing, sexy, .... you've never seen anything like it!





Fascinating! Dirk Westphal's work combines an artistic expressiveness with craftsmanship in a manner rarely seen nowadays. It is hardly surprising, seeing as he loved painting even as a child, studied graphic design and went on to become a recognised, professional illustrator. «The mystery surrounding eroticism has always interested me enormously and I felt the need to put my fantasies and ideas down on paper. I would define myself as hopelessly romantic! Apart from beautiful and self-confident women, I am inspired by nature itself with its strange and rich diversity, symbolizing perfection, transience and archaic strength». Numerous reports in German magazines and on television have meanwhile established this Hamburg artist's reputation. His pictures can be viewed, or commissions placed by contacting him.

**Dirk Westphal**  
**Schaferkamp 26 B, 22949 Ammersbek, GERMANY**







# Dirk Westphal









rk

Westpl







Monique knew that after she had picked up the phone to make the call to a professional Dominant Master, her life would never be the same. She had been contemplating this move for quite sometime and today was the day for her to act upon her most intimate fantasy. As far back as she could recall into her childhood and approaching womanhood she remembered experiencing feelings that were different from those of her schoolmates. Her most vivid memory was of her first spanking. Her Daddy told her not to ride her bihelp herself....the curiosity was too much. She wandered off and lost track of time and when she rode back to her house, her Daddy was standing in the front yard with his hands on his hips and a very furious look on his face. She knew she was in trouble!

«Monique, how many times to have to tell you to listen to me? You deliberately disobeyed me after I stood here and told you not to do this.....you did it anyway», he shouted.

He then told hedown, and began spanking her bare bottom. As he whacked her each time, she remembered thinking that it would hurt but she became surprisingly delighted by the tingling sensation that it caused.

At various times she had heard stories that her friends had told her about the painful spankings they had received from their parents and she had expected the same. Instead, she was in awe of the titillating sting that went through her body. This was her first indication that she was different.

All throughout her childhood she experienced many spankings and it always puzzled her parents why it didn't seem to phase her. Her parents

When she was seventeen she had her first serious boyfriend. Joe was an outspoken football player with an aggressive personality. He liked Monique compared to all his other girlfriends because she was quiet, a little rebellious, and was willing to try new things. When Joe and Monique became sexually active she realized that Joe liked doing things that really got her pussy wet. It wasn't the normal things that turned her girlfriends on....he liked getting a bit more rough with her. She got excited when he pulled her hair, pinched her nipples, and spanked her ass. She found herself craving more. She had been with a

few other boys before and the sex was boring....but not with Joe. He had a way of taking control of the situation. One of her most memorable experiences with Joe was when his parents were out of town one weekend and he invited her over. When she walked into his house he immediately blindfolded her and led her to the bedroom. She could feel him tying her up and this made her pussy so wet that it soaked her panties all the way through. He then started talking to her...«Ok Monique, you little slut, how does it feel to be under my control?» «I know how much you love it when I tell you what to do....you crave my hand on your bare flesh, don't you?» He said. At this point she was squirming at all the excitement telling him that she would do whatever he wanted her too. «Please, Joe, I want to be your little sex slut! I will do what ever you tell me to do», she said.

He then proceeded to tie her breasts up with rope and place clothes pins on her delicately sensitive nipples. She found herself experiencing a slight sense of pain overpowered by a wonderful feeling of pleasure throughout her entire body. Feelings of helplessness overcame her and soon she was



She yearned for the chance to serve a dominate man similar to the way she had Joe. She was eager and anxious about the possibility of meeting a stranger and serving at to be restrained and controlled! This was a Master skilled in domination just as Joe had practiced with her and she was finally prepared to call him. She picked up the phone, her fingers trembling, she heard the husky but business-like, voice of a man on the other end of the line.

«Hello, my name is Monique and I would like to make an appointment», she explained. «I have never done this before so I would like to start out slow.» The man that answered the phone introduced himself as Carl and told her that he was the secretary at the B & D Dungeon. He seemed to be perceptive of her needs.

«Okay Monique», he told her, I will set you up with Master David, he is experienced in working with beginners». «He will start out gentle and work into any type. After listening to him, some-how she had a feeling that he was right....she would like David. She agreed with Carl and the appointment was set up for the next day. Carl then gave her directions for the location of the Dungeon and they politely gave their goodbyes.

Monique was relieved yet very nervous with anticipation. So many questions whirled through her head. Had she made a mistake? Would this really be as thrilling and exciting as she hoped? She tossed and turned all night and barely caught a wink of sleep and before too long that day had come. She knew that after this day there was no turning back. She arrived at the address given to her by Carl the previous day and at first thought that she might never been to a «dungeon» before, she imagined that it would be located in an old, run down, dinav building on the bad side of town. This address was

«Oh yes, hello, my name is Monique, I believe we spoke on the phone yesterday», she replied. «I was referred to your service from someone who highly recommended you by personal experience.. unfortunately that person wishes to remain anony-mous....I am sure you understand.»

As she was talking to Carl, another tall muscular man with sandy blonde hair and steel gray eyes approached them.

He stood silently listening as the Monique and Carl engaged further with small talk. Then when there was a brief silent break in the conversation, he took the opportunity to introduce himself. «Hello, Monique, my name is David, and as Carl here mentioned, you are going to be well taken care of.» «Thank you Carl, I shall take it here from here now..» he announced.

Carl said his formal goodbye and turned around leaving Monique in David's hands for her first session. Without earning, David turned and motioned Monique to follow him into the back half of the house. They went through a light brown colored door which led down a long well lit hallway and then through another light blue with a large metal scaffold looking frame setup in the middle of the room. It was about 6 feet tall by 8 feet wide. It also had various restraints on the top half and the bottom as well. Along one wall were various looking whips, paddles, ropes, and some shiny metal objects that

she'd never seen before. She was very curious and wanted to ask about them but decided against it for fear she would seem too inexperienced. She felt by asking it would leave her far too vulnerable in the session. David gave her several minutes to observe her surroundings, and then after a few moments of silence, he spoke.

«Well...what sort of session would you enioiv this afternoon.



did when her fifth grade school teacher had asked her to go to the front of the class to give a book report outloud the first time. She had butterflies in her stomach and her hands were clammy. Unsure of herself, she spoke softly...

«Since I have never had a session with you before, why don't we go through something light at first and then see where it takes us?» She commented.

«Very well then, that will be fine», David replied. «You can remove your clothes and get dressed in the outfit that is lying on the bench behind the screen over there.»

In the corner of the room there was a 6 foot high screen with a Japanese design of a dragon in red silk on it with a mirror and an old fashioned type pull string light hanging down above it. Monique walked behind the screen and saw the bench that David mentioned. She found a pair of black leather shorts with silver studs running up both sides of the legs, and a black matching bra with a single silver stud in the center of each cup, representing just the nipple of each tit. At first glance, she could tell that it was going to be a tight fit. He had also set out several shoes to go along with the outfit. At the exact moment she looked at the shoes, she could hear his voice from the other side of the screen.

«I didn't know exactly what your shoe size was, so I set out several sizes for you to choose from. Just pick what feels comfortable to you», he replied. She was amazed that he knew the precise moment she was looking at the shoes in order to give her the explanation. Was it just a coincidence?

She shimmied out of her designer original business suit and put hanger in the small clothes rack behind her. Then she took off the pumps she was wearing, unclipped the stockings that were attached to the garter belt and took them off slowly, and lastly she removed her remaining clothing. As she was doing this, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror that was located in the corner. She positioned herself in front of the mirror more closely, and inhaled a little bit to make her breasts stand up a little more than usual. She loved the way she looked naked. She turned sideways to admire herself and glanced at her profile to see how far her bust line stood out. As she was daydreaming, she became sidetracked with what she was doing and soon, David interrupted her thoughts.

«Is everything alright», he asked?? «I hope it all fits well».

«Oh I don't think I'll have too much of a problem fitting

all about a stranger true in just a matter of seconds. She was now ready... She stepped out from behind the screen to find David standing in front of her... larger than life. David was wearing a pair of leather pants with fringe along the edges. He wore no shirt and had a smooth, hairless, chest. He was wearing a black mask with just eye holes to see through. At first glance he looked like a half naked Zorro with a bull whip in one hand.

«I guess I'm ready», she replied. «The outfit fits better than I thought it would». «Well Monique, you won't be in it too long, I can assure you of that», he said. «Come over here and stand by the cage so I can look at you better..». Monique walked across the floor she was wearing. David didn't move but watched her with his eyes. She was stunning he thought. even in the little outfit she was wearing. She then asked, «What do you want me to do now, David?» «Monique, the first thing I want you to do is to cease calling me by my name,» he said in a more stern voice. He continued by instructing her further: «I want you to call me either Master.....or Sir..... from now until the end of your session, do you understand Monique?» Monique simply nodded her head to signify that she understood. He then said, «I also do not want to hear your voice until I speak to you and grant you the privilege of answering me.»

Again she nodded. He told her to stand straight at attention with her head up and her tits out... and then proceeded to lay what he called «the ground rules of his domain». In a cold, unemotional monotone voice he recited all the things that were the gospel according to the Master. The do's and the don'ts. She had a feeling that this wouldn't be the last time she would see her new Master David.

«Okay Monique, from this point on in our session, your name will be SLUT.....», he said. «Understand, SLUT?»

Again she nodded.

«Now that you understand who is in charge, SLUT, you will walk over to that metal cage and wait for me,» he announced.

She followed his commands and walked over to the metal cage in the middle of the room that she had the cage he told her to slip her hands into the metal restraints on either side of it. After she did what he told her to do, he came from behind and secured both restraints snugly. She could feel his hard body up against hers and his warm breath on her neck.

before she could take a deep breath he whacked her two times quickly. One whack on each ass cheek without hesitation.

Whack.....whack

She could feel the warm tingling sensation and it triggered memories of her childhood spankings. Before she could think about it much, he gave her two more whacks the same as before.

Whack.....whack

Although she was wearing the leather shorts, she was still able to feel the sting from the wooden paddle. Again as she recalled back to childhood, it didn't seem to hurt her as much as it excited her. She could feel pussy begin to secrete sticky fluids.... Since she wasn't wearing any panties, her pussy was sticking tightly to the leather shorts she was wearing. She longed to feel her Master's touch. She then felt him grab her shorts and pull them down around her ankles as he spoke again....

«I don't think you are getting the full effect of this..... you need to feel this paddle as it was intended.....up against your bare ass!»

Without warning he again whacked each bare ass cheek three short whacks this time....six spans in all. Now she was starting to feel the tingling sensation and sting of the paddle. It was hard for her to figure out why this got her so excited.....but it did.

«I didn't hear you thank me, you ungrateful little bitch!» He said. «Now I want you to tell me that you have been a bad girl and that you require more punishment....» he announced.

«Oh Master, I have been a bad slutt, and I require more punishments. Please, Sir, please punish me more!»....she pleaded. He then walked over to a big metal drawer, opened it and after reaching inside he pulled out a plastic bag. Monique had no idea what was in the bag but she was very curious. «I agree that you need to be punished further....you need to be taught to appreciate the discipline your Master gives you!» He told her.

Then he slowly reached into the bag and pulled out something that she had only seen in various fetish magazines. It was a ball gag. The ball gag was attached to a leather strap that had a buckle on the back of it. He stuck the ball gag in her mouth. and tied it behind her

Monique become even more enthralled by his words and aroused by his strong hands on her body. She knew that she had finally found what she had been searching for. Her body and soul ached to be controlled and Master David knew exactly how to do it. After that she was hooked! She knew that she would return to his domain....it was just a matter of time!!

This was written by amateur model/ adult film actress, Roni Raye. If you would like more information about her work and products that she has available you can contact her: Roni Raye Productions  
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The basic principle is to whip body areas where the stroke will cause pain but no significant damage, especially to anything underneath the skin. «No significant damage» is defined as anything that will heal on its own - such as a welt or bruise.

The heavier the stroke the more carefully it must be placed. Almost any place on the body, except the ears and exposed eyeballs, can be very lightly whipped. Strong, heavy strokes, on the other hand, must be confined to the buttocks and backs of the thighs. In general, the more fat and/or muscle on a given body area, the stronger the stroke it can tolerate. Again, if you want to get some idea of how hard it is, try it on yourself first.

The following parts of the body can only take the lightest strokes: the head, face, neck, arms, wrists, hands, fingers, collarbones, sides of the chest, anywhere along the spinal column, tailbone, front and sides of the abdomen, middle

**Strong, heavy strokes,  
on the other hand,  
must be confined to  
the buttocks and  
backs of the thighs.**

and lower back, testicles, knees, shins, ankles, tops of the feet, and toes. Until you are very experienced and have received much more instruction than I can give you in this book, I strongly suggest that you avoid the above-mentioned areas entirely.

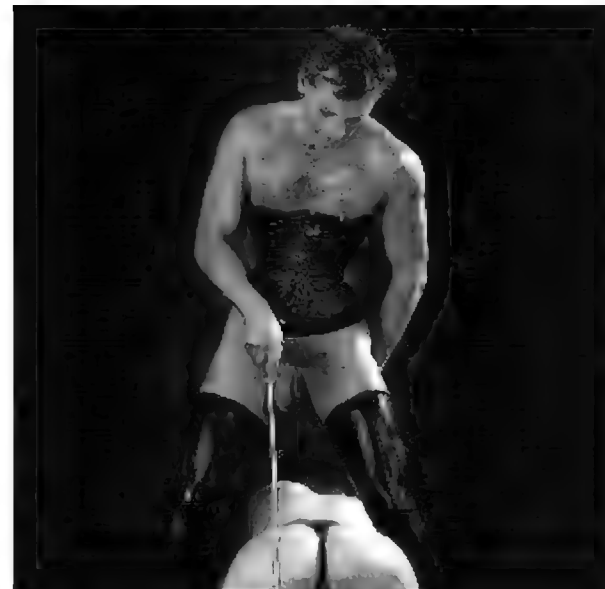
The following body areas can usually take light to moderate strokes: upper chest (stay above the xiphoid process and below the collarbones), upper back, backs of the lower legs (calves), bottoms of the feet, vaginal area, shaft of the penis, insides of the thighs, and upper buttocks. Note: The xiphoid process is found at the notch on the front/center portion of the chest where the ribs meet.

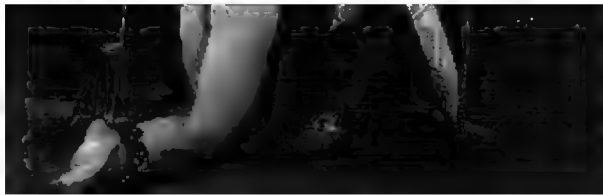
Imagine either the left or right buttock divided into four quadrants: upper outer, upper inner, lower outer, and lower inner. The two upper quadrants are usually the less desirable for receiving a spanking or whipping. In particular, when the submissive body is vertical, gravity often pulls the overlying muscle and fat down, leaving the underlying bone relatively exposed. The upper inner quadrant is particularly vulnerable in this regard. The lower quadrants are more desirable. In particular, strokes to the lower inner quadrant are most likely to feel erotic, thus causing that area to be called the «sweet spot.»

Minor digression: The inner half of the lower half of the upper third of the back (yes, that does make sense) is often a second 'sweet spot'.

Another aspect of spanking or whipping the buttocks to consider is the submissive's body position. A straight body position, such as when standing or lying face down, allows the underlying tissue to relax. A bent-at-the-waist position pulls the underlying tissue tighter and often makes the sensation sharper and more painful. How people feel about that situation varies.

One particularly important part of the body to avoid giving heavy strokes to is the abdominal area. The area between





the hip crests and the xiphoid process. This is particularly dangerous because the liver, spleen, and kidneys are in this area, and in most individuals these are only partly covered by the ribcage. A strong stroke to this area could damage them - perhaps causing life-threatening internal bleeding. I therefore call this area «the forbidden zone».

Signs of such internal bleeding include abdominal pain, nausea, vomiting, blood in the urine or feces. The abdomen may feel painful, «doughy», or board-like to the touch. Another sign is absent bowel sounds. (You can't hear any gurgling when you press your ear to the abdomen just beside the belly button, not even if you listen for a full minute. Try listening a few times before you play and you'll understand). The submissive may become pale and sweaty. They also may develop a rapid pulse - greater than 100 beats per minute.

By the way, it's not at all out of line to take the submissive's pulse occasionally as you play. It's easily found in their wrist and their neck, (healthcare folks can teach you many other places) and a little practice helps considerably in developing this ability. You might either want to make it obvious to the submissive that you are doing this or do it discreetly. Again, practice helps.

If your submissive develops any of these signs and symptoms after a whipping, take them to a hospital - preferably a trauma center - if you can reach one within an hour. (One part of being a responsible dominant is to make sure you know where your local trauma center is and how to get there.) Call an ambulance or, if they are conscious, take them in yourself, whichever is faster. Caution: If you do take them in yourself, don't speed on the way to the hospital.

One way to tell if the whipping has damaged the kidneys is to test the submissive's urine for traces of blood both before and afterward. You can buy «dipsticks» to test urine for blood (protein will do) at your local drugstore. About an hour after the whipping, dip the stick in a sample of the submissive's urine. If blood is present, a colored patch on the stick will turn a different color. If the test does come back positive, you don't necessarily need to race for the

deep arousal for both the dominant and the submissive. Her breasts can't take nearly as much as the upper back or buttocks, but they can often take a lot, and they usually heal without incident. Furthermore, whipped breasts are often left with prominent welts and bruises. If you are into this sort of thing, such a sight can be deeply moving. The down side of this matter is that such whippings sometimes leave lumps of scar tissue behind. These are supposed to be benign and not the type of mass that could lead to breast cancer, but anxieties remain. As of now, the thinking within the SM community is gradually moving away from relatively heavy breast flagellation «just to be sure».

On the other hand, numerous non-flagellation means like tormenting her nipples certainly exists and, as an SM positive physician friend of mine recently remarked, «the nipples are built to take it».

A realistic introduction by Jay Wiseman. His books are available from adult bookstores or directly from the author. Jay Wiseman, P.O.Box 1261, Berkeley, CA 94701, USA.





## JUSTICE HOWARD

It's almost the story of Cinderella. A story of a model with ambitions, a model with a bit more brains than the usual models. Hollywood is the city of dreams. Either they are nice and you live like a princess, either they turn into nightmares and you wake up in the gutter. Honestly, I don't know what road Justice took and I guess it doesn't really matter in her case. I just know she started as a model and once she had a great career with pictures published in Penthouse and many other magazines, then she turned photographer herself. Why? Probably because she was tired and probably because she felt she could do as good as them, if not better. The beginning must have been hard, difficult and she had to prove even more than others that she was good.

What reaction did she get from editors when showing her first pictures? Probably they knew her as a model. Probably they had more interest in Justice than her work. But she has proven that with skill, hard work and of course talent, you can make it to the top. She has proven that they were all wrong. She has taken revenge on society her way. Justice looks great and does great things. I can feel that she has a connection with the models. Because she knows it's hard work, because she was once on the other side of the lens. The magic between model/photographer are much more different than normally is.

She is more than good.

She has something other photographers don't have : life experience.

I have been a "secret" admirer of her work since a long time. But it took me several letters and phone-calls, where by mistake I woke her up almost every time because of the distance/hours between Europe and the USA. She wasn't angry though, and we just chatted our way through time. It was only after she had seen the second volume of the Anthology that she agreed to be published in SECRET. But now that fetish is almost mainstream, she has made the decision to devert and climb new mountains. She wants to round off the jagged edges, going from chrome to stainless steel. She told me that this will be the last fetish magazine in which she wants to be published. Thank you Justice...





© Justice Howard - "Pained Ladies" for the 1999 calendar - no photoshop techniques - all painting by hand

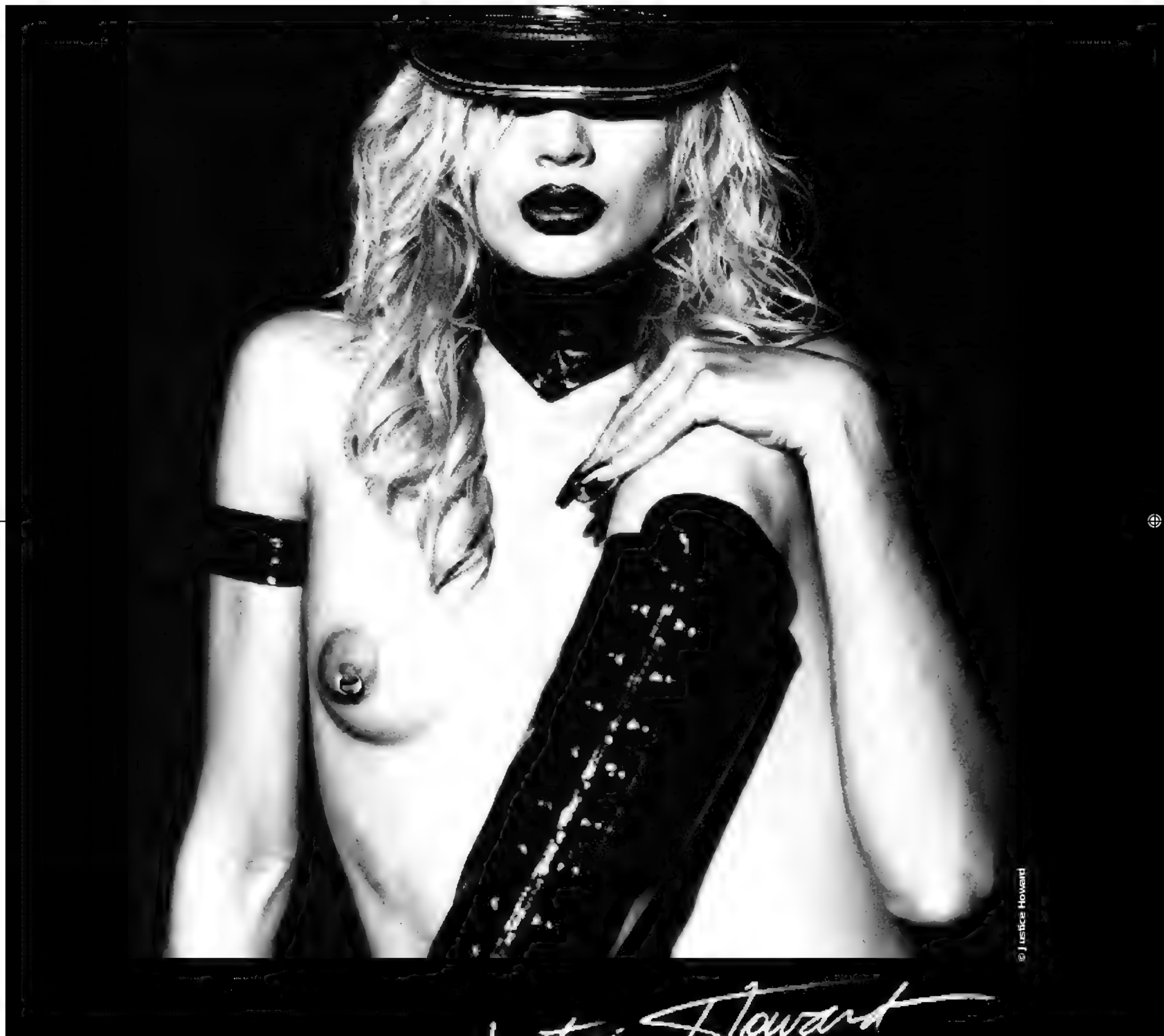
Justice Howard

© Justice Howard - "Painted Ladies" for the 1999 calendar - no photoshop techniques





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Here's the next part of our manual - certainly not complete but (we hope) instructive - which we have published in the preceding issues of SECRET. Those of you who haven't got (or haven't read) the foregoing parts can be reassured - we'll soon be publishing all the parts together in a brochure which will of course be illustrated with «naughty» photos. Before continuing the manual I would like to say to you, our readers, that it is you who have the power to bring sub/dom into your (love) lives. I've said it before but I'll say it again: sure we're perverts - but intelligent ones!

## THE SLAVE AND VOYEURS

Some of our readers say that they are interested in sub/dom or SM - but for all that without practising it. They prefer to be present at a sub/dom spectacle as onlookers or voyeurs rather than taking a more active part in it. This sort of perversion is much more widespread than you might believe. Neither standing, social situation, age nor income have any bearing on this idiosyncrasy. The fact that a voyeur pays for your «services» does not mean you are a prostitute! You are offering a service without sexual contact, whence the impunity.

Now let's get back to your slave, your property, with whom you can do (almost) anything you want:

First of all you really must tell your slave that you want spectators to be present at one of your sessions. Don't ever forget the complicity and freedom which link you to him.



Then you need a seat in a spot where (s)he - the voyeur - will be out of the way of your session or hidden behind a screen/curtain or a two-way mirror.

Sexual contact is normally precluded and the limits to which the voyeur(s) can go need to be clearly stated in advance. If he agrees to being insulted, raped or otherwise abused by a third party then it is of his own free will. You can of course convince him, if you want such things to happen...

If the spectator wants to go further, and your slave agrees, then you are in charge. It's up to you... nobody can order you to do anything at all, they have to beg you... You undoubtedly have the final say.

## FEEDING THE SLAVE

It is natural for your slave to feel pangs of hunger during weekend sessions or periods of training lasting several days. Never let him eat with you! He must eat off the floor, from a bowl, and on no account should he use his hands! On his arrival you should ask your slave if his stomach is in order (no heartburn or ulcers) so that you won't have any problems later. As an intelligent Mistress you will have suitable food for him - we leave the choice of menu to your imagination. Baby food is perfect for delicate stomachs. Cold ravioli or pig's trotter with pickled cabbage are just a couple of examples. Lots of people make no bones about using dog food. It's not really important but CAUTION in some big tins there might be bones which could injure your slave. The dog food is not really excellent nor absolutely disgusting but the fact that your slave might have to vomit is not very nice! Humiliation is the name of the game - it's more important to humiliate him than to feed him! Don't make things easy on him - come up with unusual positions for him. Tie his hands tight behind his back, so forcing him to use only his mouth.

Address various remarks to him whilst he's eating: he's dirty, clumsy, ill-mannered, coarse, degenerate etc. Humiliate him continuously. With words, by hitting him or better still by putting a dildo up his arse. I'm sure that other ideas will spring to mind when you see him on all



© Dirk

Every good mistress should have a tin of sweets or other confectionery within easy reach. (Little dog biscuits are just fine: they're safe, dry and tasteless but come into their own psychologically if you play the mistress/dog game).

Some dominatrices love to put their slaves off their food by putting too much salt, Cayenne pepper or any other very strong spice on it. For my part I prefer the slave to have difficulty eating, irrespective of what, but that the conditions are merciless (I'm thinking here of a slave who served his mistress for nearly two hours as a chair. She gave him little bits of what she didn't want or simply her leftovers).

As for dispensing your urine, it is safe in small doses although there is a slight risk of poisoning (uraemia, also known as azotaemia). But nothing could be more stimulating for you than to see your slave drink your still warm piss...

## WHIPPING AND HITTING

I approach this chapter with a certain pleasure but with some caution too. As you know, everyone hits differently, whips differently - and there are very many different sorts of instruments to do it with. If your slave is not your husband, hit him in places which won't leave marks, such as the sole of the foot or the palm of the hand. Testicles are extremely sensitive - but there are no marks. Don't

positions and materials are possible. A wooden paddle, a brush, nettles etc and above all your hands are just a few examples but I often lag far behind the imagination shown by some of our friends display in this respect.

The position the slave has to adopt depends on your mood. You can put him over your knee, which makes it easier to spank him. What's more, his cock rubbing against your clothes will definitely excite him. After a few minutes the weight becomes a drawback...

You'll definitely like spanking him gently with your open hand so that he feels each smack to the full. Spanking him can be the prelude to a more severe punishment with the whip or crop. Having your slave bend over is also a pleasant position or putting him on a suitable chair. Tying him to a chair is a good way of making him feel the cheeks of his arse, red from the spanking he has received. Why not take advantage of his ticklish position to hang weights from his cock or balls?

You must expect your slave to occasionally allow himself to mock you so as to show you that you are not hurting him or to demonstrate his staying power. Don't hesitate, not for a split second: punish him hard, very hard. Give him three or four good smacks using a different instrument to make him realize who's the master/mistress. You can also make out that it's nothing and keep on hitting him harder and harder, no breaks, no caresses, nothing whatever. Next time he'll think twice before challenging you.

You often come across such behaviour on the part of slaves as revolts, defying a dominatrix. Be tough, show some character and bring the challenge to less than nought, demonstrate your powers of domination on him - and... never get angry.

You probably have a favourite whip or crop at home! Don't hesitate to change it so as to perfect your handling of other instruments. It's always useful!

**Anyone can hit. But hitting well is an art.** Anyone can whip but if the person who has been whipped comes or asks you for more, that's the supreme moment in SM. In the event that your slave asks you for a hard session, don't start giving the crop straight away with all your strength - quite the contrary, build up to it slowly but surely, subtly and gently. You'll have some unforgettable moments whilst punishing your subject...

## RAPING A SLAVE



The most suitable position for the rape is the same as that for administering an enema: legs up in the air, tied to the feet in such a way that the cheeks of his arse are readily accessible. Don't forget a cushion for his back and - in particular if you are a professional dominatrix - a condom for the dildo. You can also do it by having him squat on the floor with his arms and legs to the front, then pull them back between his crotch and tie his hands to his ankles. Now his forehead is on the floor and the cheeks of his arse up in the air of course. A strap-on dildo is preferable. Don't choose one that's too big but do use lots of vaseline or another lubricant. You will probably have some difficulty inserting it into the anus but once past the rectal sphincter you can speed up the rhythm and make him experience his rape to the full. A strap-on dildo seems to us to be the most suitable accessory - both you and he will feel the hip movements better, he will feel your body against his arse and can only be even more excited by it. But you can of course use a good non-strap-on dildo or any other object blunt object. Apart from feeling raped your slave will also be aware of his incapacity and he will appreciate the «female» side of himself. Even if this remains a voluntary «rape» you should include a maximum number of elements so that he feels that he has been «kidnapped» and «raped» by a (male or female) stranger. You've guessed it - psychology plays a big part in this «rape». Blindfolded, gagged, tied up: don't give him any pleasure because deep down you're doing it for your own pleasure, aren't you? No?

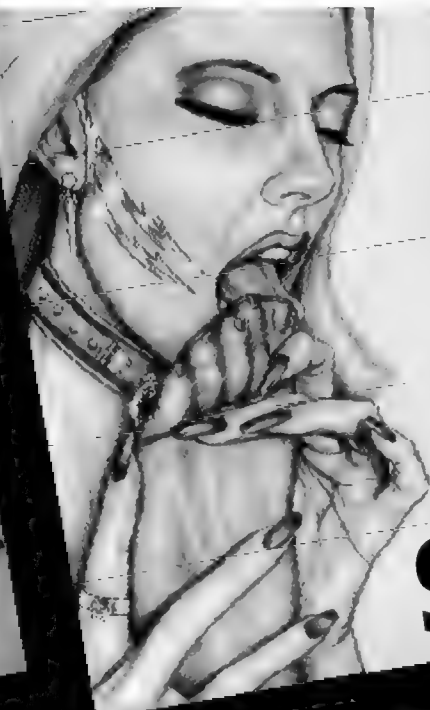
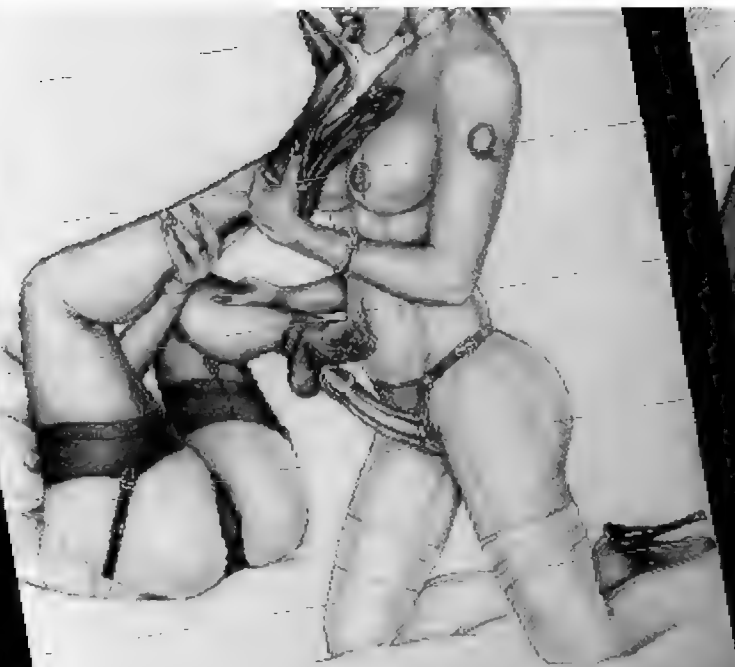
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Christophe Mourthé



**STEEL**

**STEEL**





I often draw steel shackles and bracelets and feel that steel has something unblemished, steel is smooth, cool and malleable and this is the reason why I use steel for my subject. That's how STEEL fine FETISH ART was born.

About 3 years ago something exciting happened to me during a short trip to Paris. Near the Centre Pompidou I stumbled on a fetish shop which sold patent leather and latex garments along with other things. I felt very magnetised by this sight and on entering I was amazed. There was a married couple in the shop (customers) and I was able to witness a woman with a beautiful figure parading up and down on high heels dressed in latex. I couldn't get it out of my mind. Then I began to search for information about this subject. Among other things, I went to a Domina who was kind enough to enlighten me about the ins and outs (details) of fetishism. This was a very interesting conversation.

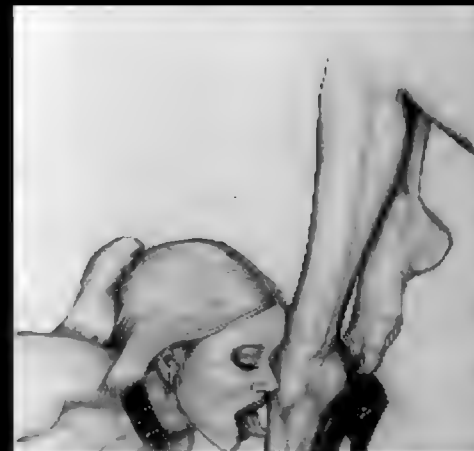
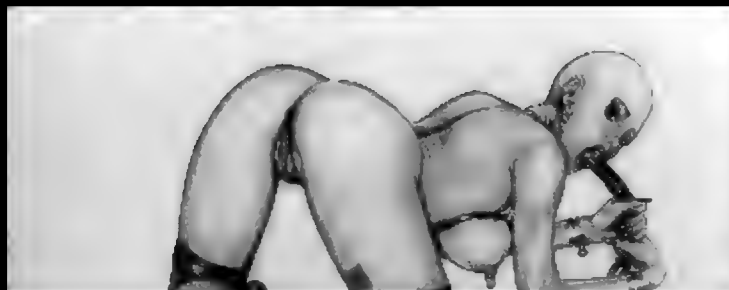
Then I started looking for an appropriate technique to bring my fantasies to paper. I chose the pastel technique, especially because it shows precise details extremely well. That's why my work radiates sensitivity and softness.

My fantasies are for example the fascination and lust a well-formed leg or foot holds and the erotic feeling when the tongue slips across silky nylon - this is what I want to portray in my pictures. Foot fetishism plays an especially important role in my pictures. I connect the meaning of fetish with my

fantasies and the essence of it is a sensual presence of bodies and parts of bodies which are made more pronounced with the help of certain materials such as leather, rubber, metal or objects like shoes, stockings or steel-shackles. Whilst working I often feel like a voyeur and this makes it easier for me to depict certain situations or viewpoints attaining a kind of tension between the picture and the contemplating viewer. Since the subject has been used seldom in classical art, I find it challenging to deal with this subject. But at the same time I want to portray the manyfold variety and the beauty of the term fetishism in my work.

Each person has his/her own sexual dreams and leanings, only some live up to them, whereas others hide them and this is the reason why the term fetish still has a negative taste. I am trying to work against this attitude in order to achieve discussion on this subject. My work makes me think about creating a new physical awareness (aesthetics) together with eroticism within a mosaic, which has found its place in visual arts. Animated by the success of collectors and art lovers, I would like to exhibit my works in American art galleries. And I look for Publisher / Sponsor to make a Book / Catalogue Portfolio / Edition in America!

Internet: [www.netcologne.de/~nc-vogelfe](http://www.netcologne.de/~nc-vogelfe)  
email: [Steel@netcologne.de](mailto:Steel@netcologne.de)



# THE HAND



I become aware of pain in my wrists. They are partially numb. But there is still enough feeling to sense the tightness of the rope that binds them. I am lying, spread-eagled on the floor. My body is taut, my back slightly arched. My wrists and ankles are attached to large hooks on the door. I am naked. I have been dozing off and on. I have no idea how long I have been here. I know I am thirsty, and hungry and need to pee. And then I remember.

My God, I feel it inside of me. My vaginal muscles involuntarily clench as I remember what rests there now. It is the whip. That long heavy leather whip with the unbraided tails that caught my eye this morning. The one you saw me admiring. The one you chose to use as my instrument of humiliation, of training, of submission.

I came to your 'playroom' as you call it, at 11:00 AM, just as you had told me to do. I was wearing a pretty, light little sun dress of dark blue with a subtle floral pattern. No underwear, no bra, as you instructed. I was sitting on the couch under the big bay window. The sunlight was making bright patterns on the wall directly across from it. I was admiring the patterns as they danced on the pretty 'toys' hanging there in a splendid array.

The whip in question had a prominent position between several smaller whips and crops. My eyes kept coming back to it. It looked so beautiful. So finely crafted. The smooth handle was a lovely honey colour with pale highlights, almost like blond hair. It seemed to flow, to have an almost animate character about it. The deer leather lashes were a natural dark brown, hanging there unbridled. Their very softness belaying the sting a skilled user could impart.

How many backs and buttocks had felt its perfect kiss? How many tears had it drawn? How many welts had it raised? I felt a thrill of fear as I looked at it. I almost unconsciously began to delicately finger myself.

I knew you would not like this. I knew you did not want me to touch myself without your express permission or demand. And yet, and yet, my fingers seemed to have a will of their own. I would stop, look around, listen, hear nothing and again, oh so carefully, touch again.

I was aware of my nakedness against the soft leather of the sofa. I allowed myself to sink back into it. My eyes

increased their tempo, playing a perfect little song of lust and desire for you. I was lost in a sexual reverie. I had lost track of myself and my position. There had been no sound that I was aware of. Only my own quiet breathing, increasingly more intense as I drew nearer to my own release. Suddenly I felt another presence.

My eyes flew open and there you stood! You had entered quietly from the door behind me, just out of my sight. Even as I scrambled to an upright position, trying to smooth my dress and clear my face of all desire, I could not but help admire your beauty. Your strength there before me. Tall, lean and perfectly dressed all in black. Your hazel eyes clear and keen, your lips red and ripe for kisses.

But there was no hint of amusement or greeting. You were glaring down at me, at your little girl, caught very clearly disobeying an express order. My heart was pounding, all thoughts of sexual desire were erased from my mind in an instant. I leapt up, ashamed, blushing furiously. You didn't speak. There was no gentleness in your expression. I tried to drop to the floor at your feet. To kneel and beg forgiveness for my obvious transgression. But you didn't





even allow me to drop there. I had never seen you so unrelenting. You grabbed me by the wrists and dragged me to the centre of the floor. You shoved me down so fast that before I knew what was happening my face had hit the floor. I had had no time even to fling out my hands. I cried out. You pushed me roughly with the toe of your shoe.

«Quiet!» you roared. «You have shown a lack of control. You are unworthy to serve me!»

I lay still, crushed. I knew you were right. You didn't speak. You seemed to be waiting for me. Finally you said, «Well? What have you to say for yourself?»

Trying to control my trembling mouth, I said through my tears, «You are right, Sir. I have disobeyed your simplest request. I am not worthy. I - I should be punished. Please, Sir. Punish me. But do not leave me. I could not bear it! Let me earn my way back into your good graces. Please, Sir. I beg of you.»

You were quiet for a moment. Then you spoke. «Very well.» you said. «That was well spoken and I see you are sincere. I will punish you then, as you have requested and as you deserve. You will be whipped severely. You will be tested beyond anything you have experienced with me to date. If you cannot obey me. I do not want you. If you are not

gaze.

«Very well,» you said. You walked over and took the whip from its place of honour in the centre of the wall. «Strip,» you said quietly. «Lay on the floor, on your stomach. Over here near these hooks.» I scrambled to do as you had ordered, quickly and with no hint of seduction. «On your knees, ass in the air, head down, hands on the back of your neck. Move!»

I hurried into position. I felt myself colouring. Even after all we'd been through together, I still felt keenly my nakedness when in this position. You noted my discomfort grimly.

«Spread your ass cheeks» God. I felt myself dying at that moment. I knew I had to do it. My shame burned into me. I was ablaze. But I wanted you more than I wanted to maintain my modesty. I did as you commanded. You walked around behind me. I felt your hands on my body. I tried to stay very still and summon up all my courage.

«Now don't move,» you said sternly «You may cry out, indeed I expect you to. But you MAY NOT move out of this position. Do you understand?» I nodded. «I can't hear you, slave!»

«Yes, my master, Sir,» I managed to croak, my voice breaking as my throat dried in terror.

«I will whip you now.» you said matter-of-factly. «Prepare yourself.»

I tried to relax, to prepare to flow into the pain, as you have taught me. You swished the whip a bit. I tensed, then relaxed through sheer force of will.

CRACK! Down it came. On my ass, across both cheeks. I flinched and clenched but did not move. My eyes were squeezed shut but I managed to make no sound. I wanted so to maintain, or at least try to regain my dignity as your slave. Twice more you whipped my ass and still I remained in position. But my mouth refused to cooperate. I screamed out with that final lash. It was unexpectedly hard and fell just where the one before had, across the tender nesh at the base of my buttocks.

I was angry with myself. I had so wanted to stay silent. To endure this for you. To show you that I was repentant. But at least I had remained still. You now dragged the lash slowly, vertically across my bared asshole. I tensed but remained in position. You seemed satisfied. You stood back. I waited. I knew I wouldn't get off this easily. I was



But no. You drew back your hand and stood back, coldly appraising your poor bound slave girl. You said then, in that quiet lovely voice of yours, « Prepare for the lash.»

I closed my eyes, ready to receive and welcome the pain. THWACK - I felt the lash sear across my breasts. The shock of it against my tender flesh was more than I could gracefully bear. I bucked and cried out and tried to move out of the path of that dreadful whip. Thank God, you moved down. The next lash hit across my belly.

«Oooh,» I hissed. Then finally across my pubis, the sting on my outer lips rendering me almost unconscious. I writhed, I accepted, I rejected, I cried out. Still the lash kissed my flesh till I went limp. No tears. No cries. Broken. I waited for the release. For you to take me in your arms, to cradle me gently against you and kiss away the tears. But you were nowhere near me.

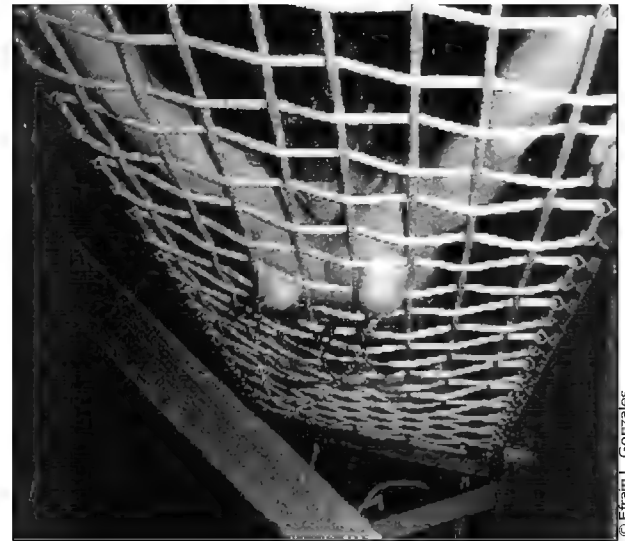
After some time had passed, I opened my eyes. I saw to my surprise that you were smearing some kind of salve onto that whip handle. You came close to me. You bent down and pressed the handle against my spread labia. Oh God. I refused to believe what I was feeling. And yet you persisted. Gently but firmly you inserted the whip handle into my vagina. Involuntarily my body tried to push it out.

«Take it!» you told me. «This is your final act of repentance. Take it for me.» I did so. I opened to it. I would take it for you, my love. You slid it in till I felt it press against my cervix. My walls clamped down on it. You reached up and twisted my nipples till I moaned. Then you kissed my forehead and walked out of the room.

It took me a moment to realize what had happened! You were gone. I was alonebound, spread eagle on the floor, covered in welts from your beating, my underarms trickling sweat, my face tear-streaked. I lifted my head as far as I was able and saw to my shock that there, in front of me, was a full length mirror - set at an angle so I could see myself, my body.

I saw before me a young woman, dark hair curled and matted with sweat. Her heart shaped face with cheeks reddened from heat and streaked with tears. Her full round breasts heaving on her chest, arched up from the binds holding her arms out in cruciform.

I saw my legs spread wide open, and that blond whip handle was sticking perversely out of me. Lashes dancing



Time passed and lost all meaning. I fell into a fitful sleep. My dreams consisted of re-enacting the day's events over and over. I would awake again and again, bathed in a sweat, heart pounding, the feel of the lash on my body. Then slowly I would become aware of my position, of my restraints. My arms and legs ached. I longed to curl up and fall into a dreamless sleep. Or take a bath and soak away the stinging of the welts and the shame of the whip hanging there.

Yet the long night continued. It seemed it would never end. I craned my neck repeatedly trying to see out of the window, searching for a streak of gray or gold that might indicate the approaching dawn, and hopefully my release.

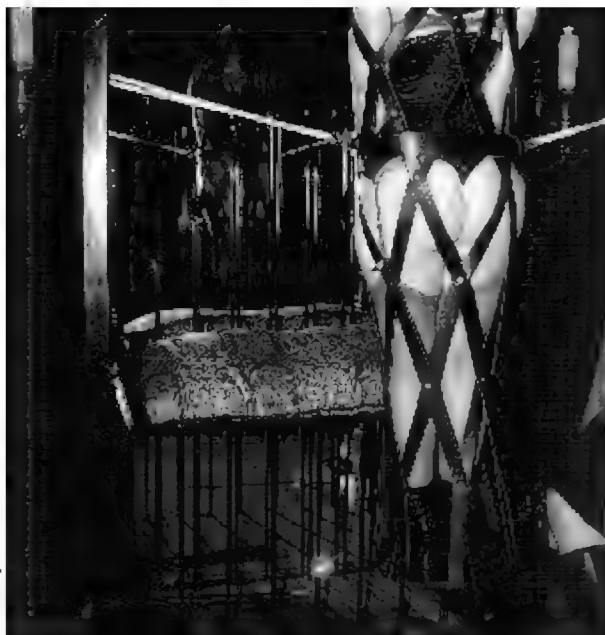
So that is how I come to be here. Taut, exhausted, alone. Thirsty, so thirsty. And where is my beloved Master? Has he abandoned me? Did I fail to assuage his wrath with my submission? Does he no longer love me? I am lying here, abject and alone. No longer actively waiting. Just lying there, my mind a blank, my spirit broken.

The door! I hear it open softly. You come in. I make no effort to speak. Even if you had addressed me I don't think I could greet you at this point. I am beyond the spoken word. But you do not even seem to notice me. You sit near me, with a croissant and some fresh orange juice. It smells lovely. My desire for sustenance overcomes my exhaustion and I try to look up at you.

I realize as I squint at the sun shining so innocently through



© Efrain J. Gonzales



Then you look away and eat your breakfast, slowly. You seem so at ease. I can see you are freshly showered. You are dressed in your black jeans and a white open necked heavy cotton T-shirt. I watch hungrily as you take your repast. You eat it all and delicately wipe your lips on a cloth napkin.

I cannot endure much more of this. You look over at me again. «Yes?» you say, as if I had spoken aloud.

«Please Sir, I have to pee,» I whisper. My voice is gone.

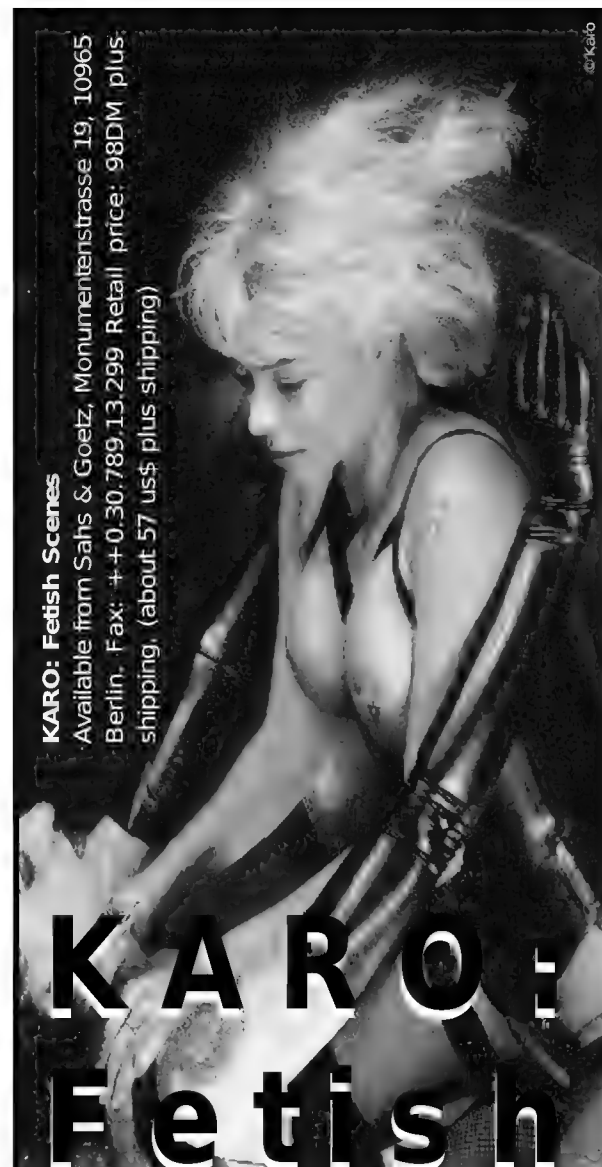
«Ah well, I suppose we can take care of that then,» you say. You walk over and slowly withdraw the whip. It comes out with a final 'pop' sound. I long to close my legs. I feel you at last loosening the ropes that bind me. Thank God.

You gently help me to my feet. My legs are rubber. I cannot walk. I collapse against you. You scoop me up into your arms. You carry me to the bathroom and set me on the toilet. You wrap my lifeless arms around your neck and kneel down, waiting for me to void. There is no shyness. I am so far beyond that at this point. I drop my head to your chest and allow my bladder to empty. You gently clean me and carry me to bed.

You massage my entire body, still saying nothing. You apply a soothing cream to the fading welts criss-crossing my form. You kiss me gently on my face and breasts. You

you.»

My heart fills with happiness then. I smile and whisper, «Oh, how I love you.» I drift off at last to a long and dreamless sleep in your arms.





Christmas and

When fetish model Dita went to Paris for a special photo session with one of the world's top fetish photographers, we took the opportunity to ask her some questions.

**Secret: Why and when did you start to model?**

Dita: I started modeling when I was 17. I was a blond «beach bunny» so I did a few bikini jobs. I looked really young, so I had a hard time getting booked. Also I'm only 5 foot six (1.67m), and that's considered to short to model. When I turned 18, I posed for the Australian Penthouse magazine. I dyed my hair bright red and many of the photographers I had worked with thought it was too harsh. One year, for my birthday, I bought myself a Victorian corset. I was 19 or 20 and that's how I became interested in fetish. I found «Fetish» to be my nitch in modeling and more recently I crossed over to glamour and fashion as «fetish» becomes more popular.

**Secret: Most of the pictures I have seen of you are in black and white. Is there a specific reason?**

Dita: Although I like colour photography, I think B/W evokes mystery and glamour...it screams «Old Hollywood», which I happen to adore !

**Secret: What is your personal fetish? What gives you the biggest rush?**

Dita: My personal fetish...(thinks for a while) ...I love hot, strict spankings, to be tied up....I love to be submissive but only to a trusted lover. I also have a passion for wearing corsets, as tight as possible and full-fashioned stockings, not to mention wearing impossibly high heels! All of these things give me a big rush. Outside of the bedroom I get a rush from performing my burlesque shows.

**Secret: Do you get a kick in showing off your body? or do you do it for any artistic reason?**

Dita: Of course I love to show off my body...I'm not shy in that sense. But I'm more proud of my styling and ideas that I bring to my photographs. Lots of women take a gorgeous picture and have a beautiful body. I have lots of ideas and a passion for what I do. I suppose I do it for the artistic value! I would never be the girl taking off her clothes at a party for the attention or anything like that

**Secret: What are your hobbies? Who are your heroes?**

Dita: My main hobby is collecting vintage lingerie, clothing, hats and shoes from the 1920's and 1940's. I have a room devoted to my collection. I find great things when I travel to the South and Midwest doing my burlesque shows. I have a seperate room for all my lingerie and corsets. I have well over 100 of them. I also have a 1939 Chrysler NewYorker that I take to car shows and use for photo shoots. I also love to go out dancing five nights a week. I've been lindy hopping and dancing the tango for over two years now. I prefer to dance all night to a Big Band rather than go to disco's or wild parties...

My heroes? That's a tough question. I love Madonna for being a step ahead of everyone with her sense of style and performances.

**Secret: What would be the ultimate «dream come true»?**

Dita: That's hard to say because I feel so lucky to be living as I do right now. I'm travelling and doing what I love. I hope to attain «cult» success...like Julia Strain or Bettie Page. I want to that kind of longevity. I fantasize about someday having a beautiful lingerie boutique or costuming period films, and of course I want to have a family.

**Secret: What sexual fantasy you would like to realize?**

Dita: Oohhh...I fantasize about having a pretty girl as my plaything.... I would make her a cross between my treasured doll and sexslave. I would be very good to her and she would want to please me in every way... any applicants???

**You can reach Dita at her fanclub address:**



Christophem an







espresso



# Christophem on





**One of my favorite manuals is this book. I have read it over and over again, and I find it's astonishing that he has managed to describe S&M in such a specific way. Once you have read a chapter you will more like get out your gear and try out some of the numerous things described in it, never forgetting the fun and safety. Even for the most experienced players...now read on and have fun.**

## Toys

The only limits to the kinds of toys you use are your imagination and your wallet. Toys come in many varieties and purposes, many of which may never have occurred to you. Here are a few to set your mind on its imaginings. Tit toys, cock and ball toys, harnesses, ropes, all kinds of restraints, texture toys, temperature toys, dress-up/costumes, sensory deprivation toys, suspensions, wrappings, ass toys, cunt toys, permanent piercings, play piercings, etc..

Sex shops often sell many toys, but we have found that a fertile imagination can find many more in hardware stores, kitchen stores, and tack shops. The latter are particularly useful for metal items like cock rings, etc.. All these «alternative sex shops» will tend to have lower prices than those that specialize in sex toys. One way to get ideas for toys is to look at sex store catalogues. You may be able to find a way to simulate one of those expensive toys with something a lot cheaper. A few catalogues and a fertile imagination could take you a long way.

When shopping for toys in any of the sex shops or their alternates, be aware of the quality of the item you're purchasing. Is it really fit for what you want to do with it? Does it have any sharp edges? Will it break under the use to which you intend to put it? Remember that a lot of the alternative toys were not intended for sex play and that it will be up to you to determine their suitability. Some people have coined a word for these alternative toys: pervertibles. You'd be amazed at the kind of uses your greatest sex organ, your brain, can devise for such simple things as toothpicks and chopsticks.

Occasionally, you may take an object to modify it slightly. Take the humble chopstick. You could sharpen one end to use the point to run gently up and down the Bottom's body, you could use the point or blunt end end-on, or you could pass the flat length of the stick along the body for yet another sensation. If you're playing in some woods, the range of possible toys changes again. Sticks, leaves, earth, water, sand, etc. can all be used to great effect. Tie

the potential ways to play with toys. They are by no means an exhaustive list, nor should they be considered in isolation. Grouping two or more types of toys in play can add greatly to the fun. Gym equipment, car tools, hairdressing equipment. Have you rolled someone in carpet, lately?

## Blood Letting Toys

Toys that let blood fall into two main categories: cutting and piercing. These toys should always be sterile. The skin in the affected area should also be sterilized before using the toy, and afterwards. Please see the sections on Cleaning of Toys and Cleaning the Skin for more details on how to sterilize toys and skin.

Generally, for permanent piercings, piercing needles supplied by body jewellery supply houses will be used. The material used should be one that does not oxidize, such as surgical steel or gold. Note that some people are allergic to stainless steel, so you should check this before buying the jewellery. For temporary piercings, we have found that 20-gauge, 1" or 1 1/2" long hypodermic needles are quite effective. Any part of the skin may be pierced, but not the parts of the body underneath the layer of skin. The needle should be double the length that you intend to pierce. 22-gauge is the thinnest needle to use when performing a temporary piercings.

One point to note is that, should a needle break or bend for any reason, as you put it back in the cap, it can punch right through the cap. We have seen this happen (in tests, no less). So, the Top should take extra care with bent and broken needles. We did a little informal testing of hypodermic needles. We found that if you try to bend needles greater than 20-gauge and less than 22-gauge, they are more likely to crease and break.

The Top must wear sterile latex gloves. If the Top has a delicate liver, he/she should not engage in piercing, since about one in ten piercings results in skin-breaking for the Top, even when protected by latex. It is as important for the Top to be wearing latex gloves during the removal of

sterilize with bleach beforehand, and will not snag on the piercing needles. You should not whip the pierced area hard, and the needles will not hurt much more than the surrounding skin. This addition to the temporary piercing play should be more of a psychological play than a physical one.

Piercing and cutting techniques are not for the novice. If you are interested in learning these skills, we suggest that you study with someone experienced in the area (failing that, a physician) to ensure safe and pleasurable play later on. With the continued presence of viruses such as HIV, piercing and cutting are considered, even by some experienced SM players, to be playing «on the edge» for both the Bottom and the Top.

## Bondage Toys

Like percussion, this is a large, catch-all category. It includes wrist and ankle restraints of leather or steel, rope restraints, handcuffs, Saran Wrap, duct tape, etc.. Some involve sensory deprivation, others do not. You'll have to decide which form of play you want to investigate and then research it properly.

The simplest form of bondage is having the Bottom's eyes closed; the most common is probably to use some form of rope bondage, possibly coupled with blindfolds, gags, and/or hoods. The most sophisticated (and expensive) bondage toys are usually specialized pieces made of leather and iron, such as bondage suits and bags and steel hoods and shackles.

Any restraint made of metal will tend to be less forgiving than more pliable ones. So, if you're using metal, be sure that it is loose and that nearby you have the equipment you need, to cut someone out. Also, be careful not to cause great pressure in a single spot, or, depending where it is applied, you could break or badly bruise body parts.

## Genital Bondage Equipment

This area of restraint is not only a matter of personal choice, but also of correct fit. Most items sold in sex toy stores do not adjust much, or they do so in discrete jumps (unless the closure is Velcro). Genital bondage falls into three main categories: self-stimulation, prevention of masturbation, and enforced chastity, with the exception of chastity belts, most genital bondage is for men, since their equipment is so much easier to grab and bind.

## Chastity Belts

Most people envision a clanking, rusty device of vaguely



could engender feelings of anticipation of the belt being discovered as well as the sense of dependency, i.e. hours of erotic excitement.

If the aim is to prevent arousal or masturbation, you will be hard pressed to find one that works well. The problems relate to the variability of the situation, particularly in the male. A comfortable fit can rapidly become a dangerous one. Since many chastity belts are made of metal, their harshness and unforgiving nature may make everyday wearing impossible. As a fantasy or as part of a short scene they may be fine, but for longer use you should consider the potential problems carefully before you proceed. The fantasy of being welded into a cast iron jock strap is one thing; the reality of not being able to sit down in it without getting a hernia is another.

One aspect of the appeal of chastity belts is visual. The belt may be made of metal and look medieval; or perhaps it could take on the look of a Victorian corset, all horsehide and rivets. What about those shining high-tech ones in your local sex store? Another aspect is the degree of security: do you want to completely prevent masturbation, simply make sex difficult, or establish who belongs to whom? Yet another aspect is that of how long the device is to be worn. Anything practical for long periods is unlikely to be very secure.

The psychological effects of wearing the device at home are different from those of being forced to wear it under clothing in a public place. The latter feelings are also very different from those of being forced to wear the belt in public without the cover of clothes. As you can see the possibilities of the variety of chastity belts is almost limitless. They are determined only by your imagination and consideration of safety.

Non-adjustable rings are can be made of material including metal, leather, rubber, or chain. Simply putting on the ring can be stimulating and/or painful. Personal preference and practicality will determine whether you put the testicles or the penis through the ring first. If you have not used a cockring or strap before, we recommend that you use one that is too large rather than too small. A ring that was comfortable at first can become dangerously tight very quickly.

Adjustable rings and straps are well suited to playtime. Cheap alternatives to sex toy store items include: short chains, large «Jubilee» clips, and disposable nylon «ties.» You could close the chain with a padlock (the heavier it is, the more the Bottom will be aware of its presence). The Jubilee clip is cheap, but is potentially dangerous because it requires a screwdriver to tighten it. The genital area is not the place anyone would want the screwdriver to slip. The edges of the Jubilee clip should be smoothed before it is used and the screwdriver should be short. Garden supply stores and hardware stores sell nylon tie wraps very cheaply. One end of these is threaded through the other and the resultant ring is tightened around the base of the penis or behind the scrotum. Tie wraps have to be cut off, since they are designed to tighten only.

Lockable cockrings and straps have to be small enough to prevent the testicles from slipping through. If a screw lock is provided, you should take care to ensure that no skin is pinched as the lock is tightened. If you use a padlock, remember that any movement on the part of the Bottom may cause scrotal skin to be pinched between the lock hasp and the ring. A small piece of tape around the hasp and hole can eliminate this problem, at least temporarily.

«Parachute» harnesses qualify as genital bondage, but they are covered more fully in the section on Cock & Ball Toys. A padlock large with a large hasp (about 2 3/4" diameter) can be used as a locking cockring. The weight of the lock itself will add to the sensation of the ring. Once you have checked that the lock can be worn for a reasonable time in private without problems, the Bottom can then wear it under clothes, say, to work. If you cannot find a lock big enough, try putting the padlock around only the testicles.

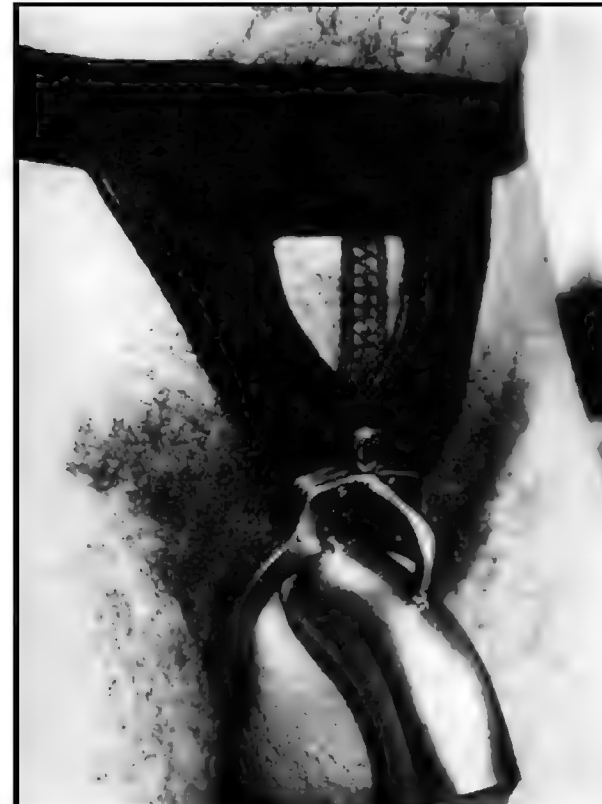
### **Covers, Cages, & Sheaths**

Cages or covers for the genitals can be made of metal and/or leather and rubber. When made of latticework, these can have a very strong visual effect. Black latex sheaths work very well, but are sometimes hard to obtain.

Penis sheaths made of leather or rubber are used to encase, restrict, or hold the penis up or down. They should be as soft as possible to allow for the rapid size changes in the penis during play. Some come with internal prickers to heighten the sensation for the Bottom. The pricker versions should be kept as single person toys, due to the risk of disease transmission if the pricks puncture the skin of the penis. The small buckles used to tighten some of these toys can cause havoc by pinching the skin if clothes are put on after the sheath.

This article was taken from the excellent "On the Safe Edge" - a manual for SM play, written by Trevor Jacques. You can order your copy at: WholeSM publishing Corporation,

P.O.Box 75075-329, 20 Bloor Street, Toronto, Ontario  
M4W 3T3, Canada.



Military men and «dandies», too, were known in the eighteenth century, and even into this century, to wear corsets to achieve proper military stance and fit of the uniform, or to cut a fine figure. The weight belts that men wear in modern gyms are direct successors to military corsets for men, and a near relative to the waist-training leather belt some manufactures offers. Our research and experience demonstrate that many modern men corset and perhaps for a wider variety of reasons than do women.

Unfortunately some men make poor choices and waste money on off-the-peg corsets in silk or nylon fabric, that look glamorous and seem to be a good choice, if only to avoid having to openly admit one's desires to the saleslady. However, once home, if the urge to restrict carries the newcomer away with enthusiasm, he can pull too tightly for the type of construction (plastic boning, irregular stitching, lack of lining or flimsy fabric) or wear the ready-made corset for too long, and by either method stretch fabric beyond its endurance to shreds.

Department store corsets also have the disadvantage of being made for the female body, of quite different proportions than the body of a male. Top and bottom will be generously cut, causing a man narrower in those regions to lace tightly, and touch top and bottom edges while leaving a wide gap in the midriff area. However, well-fitted corsets are designed to remain parallel in the back as the corset is tightened. An ill-fitted corset will likely torque on the body and eventually shred from improper stress. A man's ribcage may protrude more than a female garment is patterned to accommodate, thus pushing the top of the corset outward away from the chest and rendering it impossible to hide under normal business clothes, should that be the goal.

Far better for the man lusting after lovely curves and reasonably comfortable tight embraces to rake his finger in hand, search out the specialized custom corset maker and engage in an open discussion of his personal corseting desires and needs. He also needs to be prepared to be measured close to his skin, to insure a perfect fit and optimum body-shaping from the custom made corset.

## Initial Considerations

Before ordering a corset, gentlemen must decide if they wish to achieve a female figure or maintain their male figure. This decision is important to communicate to any

maintain your male figure, you can order a corset to create more of a cummerbund effect.

## Purpose of Corseting

Next, men must decide upon their waist reduction goals and exactly how and when they will wear their corset. They should be cognizant of the inevitable changes in fit of male clothing worn over a corset and that certain design features will minimize visibility of the corset under male clothing.

## Reasonable Expectations

Regarding reduction possibilities, you can generally have the same expectations as women who corset; that is, about four inches in six months.

## The Most comfortable Style

We believe the most comfortable style for a first-time wearer to be the underbust hourglass Victorian. It is also the most easily disguised corset when wearing under male clothing, in case you cannot reveal your corset interests at work or at home. Choose a simple fabric such as cotton or cotton-backed satin. In all cases, be sure that you are strongly attracted to the colours and decorations you choose so that you look forward to wearing it and are motivated to do so on a regular basis.

Which corset maker you choose requires some individual consultation with our trained staff. We will place your order with the corset maker best suited to your needs.

## Choosing the proper corset style

- Decide your primary purpose for wearing a corset (fashion? fetish? back support? weight control? tummy control! better posture? romance and seduction?); it will determine the proper style.
- An underbust or cincher-style corset is most comfortable and easily worn for long periods of time.
- An overbust style is best for foundational support for voluptuous figures.
- Inner boning is best to minimize thickness of the corset under lightweight dress materials or a business suit.
- Lining insures greater comfort and durability over time.

## Initial wearings

- First five times, lace down only 1-2 inches and wear for 2 hours.
- Next five times, lace down only 2 inches and wear for 4

chemise, slip or tube or washable material to protect against bodily perspiration or excessive cleaning. Lightly talcum your body before putting corset on, even when you are wearing a chemise or body tube. After removing corset, wipe it lightly with damp sponge. Always clean your corset at a reputable dry cleaner who handles bridal dresses, wipe down rubber corsets and do not dry clean. Store corset by hanging it over a plastic coathanger and away from sunlight to prevent fading. Do not use door knob to lace yourself as you may fall and injure yourself or the corset.

## Dressing

Add 30 minutes to dressing time if you have to lace yourself. Choose garments with padded shoulders and a fuller skirt to avoid puckering and to emphasize the waist.

- Put your corset on at least two hours before you wish to achieve tight-lacing for a special occasion; start with a 1/2 inch reduction and proceed every 20-30 minutes to lace down one more half inch.

## Diet and dining

- Choose non-fatty, processed foods if you are going to dine while corseted.
- Avoid carbonated beverages; drink small quantities of water periodically while wearing your corset.
- Eat regularly while corseted, but slowly and with small bites; beware that food cravings generally arrive in the late afternoon.
- Make dietary changes slowly; reduce sugar and caffeine to help control cravings.
- Don't avoid eating in an attempt to reach your personal reduction best.
- It is best to corset, then eat, rather than the reverse order.

## Advice to gentlemen

- Advise your corset maker if you desire a male (1" below bellybutton) or a female (1" above bellybutton) waist shape.
- Provide your corset maker with an additional measurement: your widest chest measurement.
- Tell your corset maker if you intend to pad bust or hips, and wear pads to the measuring and fitting appointments.
- Request inner boning and lightweight material such as taffeta to disguise corset under a business suit; do not order an underbust style with a high-rise or pointed front, as it may bow outwards.
- If corset has a high-rise front and tends to protrude out a bit under the breast, gently bend boning and front busk inward over time.

- Beware of smoky, crowded rooms with low ceilings, which can make corset wearing unpleasant.
- Beware of security metal detectors at airports: corset stays will set them off! You may explain to guards that you wear an orthopedic back brace.

This small article was taken from the excellent new catalogue "The Mystery of Corsets" by Romantasy. You can order it by sending 20 us\$ or 25 us\$ (overseas) to the following address: 2191 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114, USA. Phone 415.487.9909 ext. 03. Website: [www.romantasy.com](http://www.romantasy.com) - email: [corsets@romantasy.com](mailto:corsets@romantasy.com)



atalogue - C&S Constructions



Dearest Master,  
You had asked' me to write about last Thursday.

From our discussion on Wednesday, i knew that you would tie me down, so that i couldn't move. You'd also told me that you didn't want to be bothered by my moans or whimpering. That you wanted to do with me was you wished; to whip, paddle, cane and penetrate without being aware of my response.

When you arrived, i had the toys lined up and was wearing the wrist and ankle restraints and the two masks; the one underneath with the gag in my mouth and the soft, stretchy one on top. I felt anonymous and resigned to whatever pleasures you would have in taking me. I would aspire to nothing more than being a plaything for you. Although you had not specifically mentioned it, had not touched myself in an intimate way since we were together, since thought that you would want it to be that way. The excitement of knowing that you would be Master had increased my eagerness for your touch.

I was lying on my back, supported by pillows when you arrived, but scrambled to turn over when you ordered me to «present». On my hands and knees with my ass in the air, i felt naked and vulnerable. This is the first and most difficult act of submission; to exhibit my most private parts in a most indecent way. To be available for intrusive fingers and minute scrutiny. You checked that i was clean and wearing both masks, and then attached the chains and manacles to the eyebolts in the bed and left me there, with arms and legs spread across the bed and ass high in the air, atop a pile of pillows. It seemed the longest time while you went to the bathroom. Then from the slight rustling noises, I knew that you were removing your clothes. Then silence; and then the sounds of you rifling through the toy chest.

Then silence.

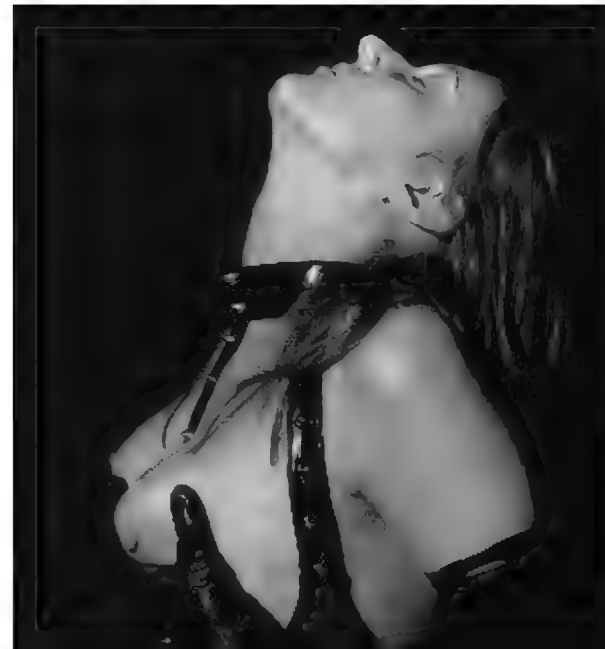
I longed for your touch. To feel you close to me. To know that you were near-at-hand. I would have melted into you at the slightest contact. Instead you put a butt plug into my right hand and a dildo into my left. I clutched at them as if they were a lifeline.

What would you do? What would be your pleasure ? I lay there full of questions and apprehension.

out. I am to be only a body part without humanity; a backside to have pain and pleasure imposed upon.

You are surprisingly tender, kissing, rubbing and loving. Then suddenly you are punishing with hard blows from your hand and the paddle. You fondle my clit and you know, by the wetness, the extent of my arousal. The alternate blows and caresses continue. Heavy hits from the thongs of the whip crush my cunt. I cry out a little and flinch. There is pain and then a hot, spreading pleasure from each blow. You thrash the inside of my open spread thighs with the hard little paddie, using it like an extension of your hand. These are hard smacks, and then you caress softly, kissing and cuddling.

I lost count of the blows. Once in the past, i counted to a hundred and was astounded that i could endure and conquer the pain. Today there are not so many hits, but the whacks are unforeseeable, and the proportion of caresses to blows unpredictable. This is refined cruelty, mixed with doting tenderness. The cane comes down in criss cross stripes across my hips and ass. You are pleased by the red marks, I can tell, and relish the pleasure of striking with the thin cutting instrument. Then you kiss the





skin. I am no longer belong to myself. I am devoted to pleasing you, and in that willing mode i have become a wanton animal . I begin to shake. I would cry if I could, but the thick gag in my mouth will not let me vent to sound of it. I want to put my legs together and rub my clit against my thighs. The chains pull me apart. There is no way to indulge my excitement. I am ready to do anything, to bear any humiliation or exceed any limitation if only you would let me come.

You take the butt plug from my hand and slide it in. There is hardly any pain. At last I feel full, but the anticipation of a long awaited orgasm fills my body and mind and I pull at the chains and long for release. Surely it must be close, it must be time, it must be now !

Again you are hitting my buttocks with your hand and with the paddle, but the pain is not so bitter and the pleasure spreads faster. It must be a mixture of the erotic arousal and having the plug inside. The sting of the cane is more bearable and the sexual excitement more pronounced. I have lost all sense of shame, and would beg, if I could, to have you fuck me till I am senseless.

Then you abandon all the toys and fondle my clit with a single finger. I am ashamed that you should have such power over me, and that your slightest movement should affect me so deeply. You have me begging for more. I manoeuvre against you, thrusting, pushing, sliding against your hand like a bitch slut in heat. I would have begged if i could, and cried tears to be fucked; but calmly you continue sliding your finger ever so gently over that tiny budding clit. No-one has ever done this to me; perhaps because I could use my voice to beg to be fucked.

There is no relief. The torture of pleasure continues, wetness increases. The insistent movements have me on the edge of tears, bursting with the need to come. The chains pull at me, making me aware that you command me, that I belong to you. I am shaking and ashamed of my weakness, knowing that you don't want to be bothered by my moans and crying; but I have lost control and with your finger you have taken me over the threshold of restraint. My cunt is drivelling. I am humbled and reduced to a drooling, imbecile, half-wit begging for an orgasm.

I, who would have too much pride to beg for my life when confronted with a gun, I am trembling, overcome with desire, wet to my thighs. If I were not so afraid of displeasing you, I would have cried to have you stop. With your finger you have prevailed, have overcome all the fine arguments of a civilized exterior and exposed the extent

«Put on my shoes.»

This fiction/real story? is from one of our readers. If you have your story to tell, if you care to share your feelings with our readers, please do not hesitate and send us your text. We prefer PC disks or machine typed stories...bey,















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KARO: Fetish Scenes



The company that I work for recently transferred me to a new city in the Northeast. I was settled into my new job and my new house, but had not yet selected a health care provider. I'm in good condition, and so did not think that there was any need to rush into finding myself a doctor. That is until I began developing what I suspected were haemorrhoids. Now I felt some urgency in locating medical assistance. Not wanting to trust plain luck, I talked to one of my co-workers. I explained a little about my problem and asked him if he could recommend a good physician. As it turned out, he could. He gave the name of a doctor with whom he was very satisfied. He said that Dr. Ashley was a woman, and that her methods might be considered by some to be a little unorthodox, but that I should see

desk vacant. I was starting to think that I had my time wrong and that I should leave and reschedule when the door to the Doctor's office opened. Dr. Ashley was a tall woman, with short black hair, and a no nonsense manner. As she ushered me into her office I couldn't help but notice that her white lab coat did nothing to hide a very nice figure. Sheer black hosiery covered her long legs, and her name tag was engraved with one word, Mir. In an effort to avoid staring at Dr. Ashley I let my eyes roam around her office. Through the door that connected the office to the examination room I glimpsed some equipment that I was unfamiliar with. It looked arcane, almost cruel. I figured there was plenty about medical equipment that I didn't know, and thought no more about it.

My attention was drawn back to Dr. Ashley as she commenced questioning me to complete my medical history. That done, she put down her pen, leaned back in her chair and asked sharply «Why have you come here?» I explained that I thought I had some rectal problems developing, and that I wanted a medical opinion before they grew worse. «I see» she said. «and how did you happen to select me as your physician?» I gave her my





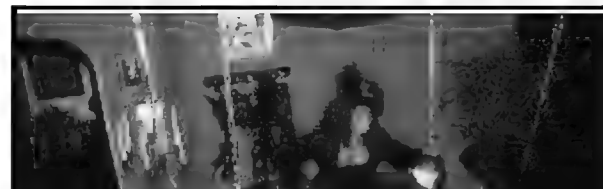
friends name and said that he had recommended her. «Yes, I remember him. What else did he tell you about me?» I told her what he had said about her methods, and added that he spoke very highly of her. «Yes», she said, «my methods are different. But my patients have never complained. If you wish avail yourself of my services, you must follow any instructions exactly. Failure to do so will make treatment less effective, and may even jeopardize your health. Do you wish to continue as my patient?» I was intrigued by this beautiful Doctor, and her forceful demeanour. I said yes.

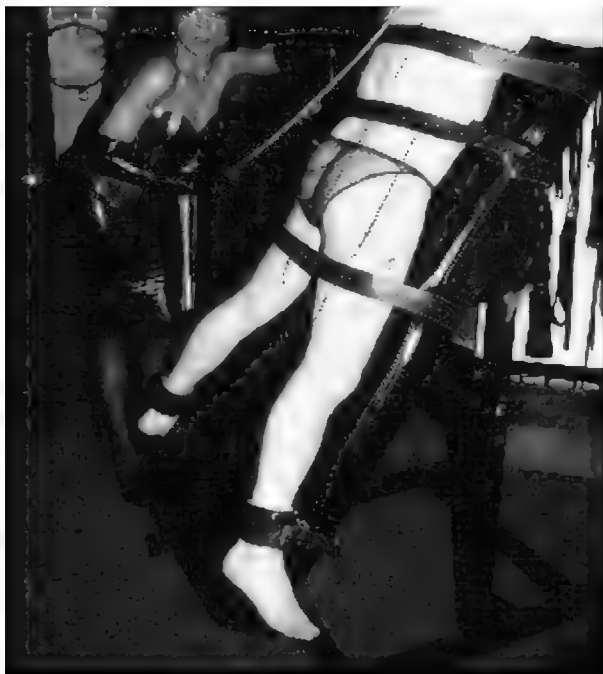
«Good.» Dr. Ashley indicated a closet and said «Strip, put your clothing in there, and join me in the examination room.» As I hung my clothes up, I couldn't help but wonder what kind of Doctor/Patient relationship this was going to be. Dr. Ashley was an extremely dominant person. As I walked toward the examination room, I was a trifle nervous, and to my surprise, more than a little bit aroused. As I entered the room. Dr. Ashley eyed my erection and said «Is this the problem you came to see me about?» A little surprised by such a direct question I said no, and added something about being caught off guard. Dr. Ashley said nothing, but went to a cabinet and removed something from a drawer. She turned back toward me and said «Hold out your wrists.» What she held were leather restraints, which she quickly fastened about my wrists. She handed me two more and told me to place them on my ankles.

ears. She looked into one ear, and then, instead of moving around to my other side to check the other one she leaned over me. The starched lapel of her lab coat brushed my nipple, and her warm scent invaded my nostrils. As I felt her breath on the side of my neck all possibility of decorum vanished and my penis grew to full erection. Suddenly I felt her tongue gently probing my ear. This can't be happening I thought, no doctor would do that. Dr. Ashley stood up, appraised my condition, and said «Nothing wrong here.»

Moving around to a position between my legs Dr. Ashley sat down on a stool and moved a small rolling table to a position near her. From a tray on the table she picked up a surgical clamp. It was about 8" long, with a curved end. With her free hand she gently massaged one of my nipples for a few seconds, until it too was erect. Then, holding my nipple between her thumb and forefinger she quickly caught it between the jaws of the clamp, and squeezed the handle shut until it locked. I gasped as the pain shot through me. Dr. Ashley laid the clamp on my chest and told me to breathe deeply. I tried to remain motionless to avoid moving the clamp, and gasped for breath. Each inhalation caused the skin on my chest to pull at the clamp, and caused fresh streaks of pain. The first clamp was followed by a second on my other nipple. By now I was oblivious to anything except the agony burning at my nipples. My mouth was open as I gasped for air. More pain as the clamps moved. Dr. Ashley was threading a length of surgical tubing through the handles. She pulled the tubing down to my groin and wrapped it tightly around my cock which was still erect. Now my penis and my nipples throbbed in unison, any movement at all sending fresh waves of sensation coursing through me. The pain subsided to a dull ache as my nipples became numb, and I began to be once again aware of my surroundings.

Dr. Ashley sat regarding me with a faintly amused expression. «How do you feel?» she asked. Despite the pain, or maybe because of it, I felt more aroused than ever before; but still unsure of the direction our Doctor/Patient relationship was taking. I merely said that I felt OK. «Good. It is necessary to keep this out of the way to permit the examination» said Dr. Ashley, as she gently ran a hand





over my bound genitals. Even that touch caused to fresh waves of pain to surge through my nipples. But was it pain, or did my eyes close and my back arch for another reason? Dr. Ashley proceeded to pull on a pair of latex gloves and lubricate her index finger. Soon I was gasping once again as her probing finger caused me to squirm in my restraints. Her relentless examination of my anus and the pain caused to my nipples by my involuntary movements sent me out of the examination room and into a world of sensation that I had never known before. Gradually I regained my senses, and I realized that the examination was complete, and that I hung limply in the restraints, covered with a light sheen of sweat.

«It is fortunate that you came to me when you did» said Dr. Ashley. «You have a slight problem, but it is early in it's development and we can remedy it with a single treatment during this visit.» She removed the tubing from my cock, and then reached for the clamps. Fresh agony burned through my tender nipples as first one, then the other clamp was removed and circulation was restored. Dr. Ashley briefly massaged each nipple, then unfastened the restraints from the chains and motioned for me to stand up.

«Put this on» she said. «This» was a leather harness that circled my waist and buckled snugly just above my hips. Two straps fastened to the front ran down either side of

pose excited me a great deal, and I wondered what form my treatment would take.

Whatever form it would take, I would not see, for Dr. Ashley placed a soft hood over my head, and fastened it firmly. «The treatment is most effective if the patient remains still» she explained. She instructed me to open my mouth, and as I did so she placed something made of rubber inside. «Close» she said, and I heard the hiss of hand operated air pump as the rubber in my mouth started to inflate. It grew larger and larger, forcing my jaws apart unmercifully. My mouth was crammed full, the now enormous gag wedged behind my teeth. «We will now enhance the circulation of blood to your buttocks and anus.» This said, she commenced to strike my buttocks. I couldn't tell if she used her hand, or some instrument, but each blow caused me to jump and buck within the confines of my bonds. I found myself raising my buttocks to each blow, in anticipation, in welcome. My ass burned and the resounding crack of each blow mingled with my moans and muffled grunts of pleasure. «Your skin temperature is becoming elevated» said Dr. Ashley, stopping the treatment momentarily. «We had better use a probe to monitor it.» The strap that ran between my buttocks was released, and I felt the cool intrusion of the probe as Dr. Ashley slid it deep into my exposed anus. The strap was refastened, and the probe nestled into my ass. I





concentrated on relaxing my sphincter muscle to accommodate the probe, and had just about adjusted to it when Dr. Ashley caused me to tense up again. She touched my buttocks with something. This wasn't her hand, this was a whip! She dragged the thongs of the whip back and forth across my buttocks for a few seconds, but I knew, I hoped, that there would be more. I was not disappointed. The whip sang through the air and instantly inflamed my ass, the backs of my thighs and the exposed area between my legs. Again and again, as the whip seared my uplifted buttocks I leapt and squirmed in my fetters. Every jolt caused my ass to contract around the probe, sucking it deeper into me. Soon I was lost to the world, writhing in a dance of pleasure and pain to the music of the whip on flesh and my own tortured breathing and moans.

Gradually I came down, until I found myself still on the bench. I could hear Dr. Ashley moving about the room, no doubt preparing the next phase of my treatment. As my pulse and respiration returned to normal, she opened a velcro tab which had covered my eyes, and walked to a position in front of me. Apparently enhancing my circulation had caused her temperature to rise also, for she had removed her lab coat. She stood before me in a white corset, panties, stockings and shoes. Her bosom heaving slightly from her efforts. Regal and magnificent, she looked down at me and asked «Are you ready to continue?». Still stuffed by the gag, I merely nodded my

edge of a knife. Next, the collar was secured to the high back of the chair, and once again I found myself unable to move, helpless and exposed, awaiting the touch of Dr. Ashley. I did not have long to wait. A stockinged thigh began to play against mine, sliding up and down, the silken friction causing my erection to throb and ache. I could not control my reaction. My own thighs tried to clasp hers, my hips attempted the thrusting motion as old as mankind, but my restraints held me firmly in place and I could only quiver in my bonds as the contact of flesh on flesh came and went, came and went. As an involuntary moan escaped me, I heard Dr. Ashley chuckle softly. With a hiss of escaping air, the gag went soft and was pulled from my mouth. I felt warmth as Dr. Ashley moved closer to me, and a bare breast was pressed against my lips. «Suck it» she commanded, «harder!» This time I heard the slightest of sounds from Dr. Ashley's throat as she pressed herself against me and presented first one breast, then the other for me to attend. Presently she pulled away, and I heard her again moving about the room. Soon I felt her once again near me, and I wondered what the next phase of the treatment would be.

Fingertips brushed my nipples, which responded by swelling achingly. Then I surged against my restraints as white hot pain lanced through my breast from yet another pair of monstrous clamps. As my nipples burned from the clamps and my thighs ached from the seat, I felt my penis being picked up, held, examined. As the grip on my genitals slowly tightened, I heard the dink of metal. Knowing what was coming I tried to melt into the seat, but there was no escape. My tortured cry rent the air of the exam room as a surgical clamp grasped the skin at the base of my penis and slowly tightened until it snapped shut with an agonizing click. It was followed by two more clamps, and I was left to sit in a haze of pain as my thighs, nipples and groin throbbed together in a slowly, steadily rising chorus of agony. I could find no relief. Unable to change position or to even touch the implements which sent new bolts through me with each breath, each heartbeat, I drifted at the edge of awareness. I was lurked back to the here and now as Dr. Ashley removed the nipple clamps, sending fresh torment through me. The surgical clamps were next, with similar effect. I was nearly sobbing as I was released from the chair.

As I stood trembling before her, Dr. Ashley removed the restraints from my wrists and ankles; and as she pulled the hood from my head I thought that I saw a glint of pleasure in her eyes. She half supported me as she led me to a more comfortable chair and sat me down. She went to a cabinet and returned with a black bundle in her

straps across me, and secured them tightly to the table, holding me immobile once again. I felt the table begin to tilt down toward my feet, and the straps bit into my flesh as they began to support my weight, the sensation combining with the all over hug of the Spandex suit to send me edging back off toward delirium.

«The last part of the treatment will now begin.» So saying. Dr. Ashley gently grasped my erection, and began to manipulate it skilfully. The sound of an electric motor filled the air, and seconds later I felt the contact of a vibrator. Holding the vibrator between her hands Dr. Ashley ran them up and down my body. The heavy Spandex covering me diffused the sensation over every square inch of skin, and I writhed and moaned with unabashed pleasure. Up and down my legs, over the sensitive inner thighs, across my belly and over my still aching nipples the vibrator hummed, until gradually, inexorably, it spiralled down to my cock and balls. Those hands which had so recently exacted moans of pain now brought cries of passion as they cradled my scrotum, and massaged the length of my erection, all the while maintaining contact with the vibrator. The delirium which took me next was not that of pain, but that of release, as I arched and strained against my bonds to pour my self forth for this woman who held me in her dominion. The orgasm that she ripped from me seemed to go on forever as I gasped and bucked into her hands, my ass clenching and throbbing around the probe, the table resounding with sound of flesh against leather as I thrashed against it.

Eventually the storm subsided, and I felt the table return to a horizontal position. The straps which held me down were removed, but I was unable to rise from the table. Eventually I sensed Dr. Ashley standing beside me, and as she removed the Spandex suit from over my head I

said «You withstood the treatment very well. It looks like it was successful, and you should experience no further problems. However, to be safe, I would like to schedule you for a follow up exam.» Handing me her card, she told me to call her in 6 weeks to schedule an appointment. «Of course, you may call me anytime should you have any problems.» I feel pretty good, but I may have to call Dr. Ashley before the suggested time, for medicinal purposes only, of course.

Terry Haute in honour of Mrs. Mir.

Mistress Mir can be contacted at the following:  
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She waited patiently in her candlelit apartment, for him to call. He said he would call when he was ready to see her, maybe they would go out to dinner or a movie. His voice had seemed a little strange to her, and now it was nearly eleven o'clock and no word. Maybe something was wrong or he was upset. Waiting was her worst enemy, it was all she could do not to call, but she had learned his pet peeves long ago, and she knew he expected her to be patient. She was torn from her worried trance by the soft chime of the doorbell. Finally, he was here. Leaving the comfort of her overstuffed chair, she slipped down the hall to the entry way and the large panel door. Standing on her tiptoes, she could not see anyone there. Gingerly opening the door, she spotted a shiny green package on the front step. Looking around, she stepped out onto the landing and retrieved the mysterious gift.

Once back inside, she closed the door, and looked once more through the glass, but still saw no one. The package was a deep emerald metallic colour. It reflected the candlelight giving off a soft green glow. She went back to her chair, holding the package on her knees, and began to undo the bow. It slipped away easily and she opened up the top of the box. Tissue paper parted to reveal something that looked like emerald velvet. When she removed it from the box, her breath caught in her throat—it was a blindfold. It was not like anything she had ever seen. It was made of crushed emerald green velvet, with satin straps, and appeared to be lined with some kind of black fur. She could feel her pulse quicken, and moisture began to surge through her body. In the bottom of the box was a typewritten note:

Put this on and wait quietly for me.

What did this mean? Was it him? Surely it was. He was the only one she had ever mentioned anything like this to, ever. It frightened her, and at the same time, excited her more than she had ever known. She began to feel wetness accumulating between her legs, and she started to long for him. She drifted for several minutes in a world of pure fantasy, imagining herself giving into him completely. She was a very strong and somewhat powerful woman, and total submission had long been a fantasy of hers, but she had never felt safe enough to act on it. Could she do it now? She was about to find out.

She carefully fondled the strings of the blindfold, feeling their softness and their restriction. She placed it over her

Occasionally, she would slip her fingers inside to feel the slick wetness that waited there. The only noises in the house were the ticking of the mantle clock, and the rhythm of her heartbeat. At the half hour chime, a car door slammed and she heard footsteps coming up the walk. Had she bolted the door? She did not think (hope) so. The doorknob turned and someone came through the door, but did not close it. Her hand slid out from under her dress, as the intruder lifted her out of her chair. She tried to get close enough to smell his smell, but she was kept at arm's length and led through the entranceway and into the waiting car. No words were spoken.

The fragrant smell of flowers filled the car. She waited anxiously for any familiar sign to ease her overexcited and frightened mind. Something soft touched her cheek, and she jerked uncontrollably away. It touched her cheek again, and the softness of it drew her to it. It felt like silk, but alive, and she knew that it was a flower. It traced her face, the line of her chin, and the curves of her breasts. It changed direction and started from below her knee, parting her legs, and continuing up her thigh. Her skin prickled at the touch of its silkiness. Just as she began to drift toward euphoria, the car came to a halt, and she was carefully removed from the seat. She could no longer smell the flower, only the brisk night air, and a spicy smell almost like cologne, but nothing she had smelled before.

She was led up a short flight of stairs and through a door. It was still completely dark to her, and she was unable to tell if any lights were on in the dwelling or not. She was led through a doorway, and then finally he spoke, "Sit down." It happened so fast, that she had very little time to analyse the voice. It seemed somewhat familiar, but harsher somehow. She sat down, even though she could not feel anything beneath her that might catch her fall. She plopped onto what had to be a bed, and sat quietly, waiting.

Noise from the other room, had he left this one? She could not be sure. The sounds of a door, and the rattle of.....ice cubes? Her body began to shake in uncontrollable convulsions. Her hand moved up to touch her breasts, her nipples had become rock hard. The sound of it drove her to a frenzied state of desire. The moisture between her legs began to flow down her thighs in tiny rivulets. Footsteps returning, and then a soft chuckle, "Hear something you like, my pet?" It was him, and yet somehow not him. Aggressive. harsh. and somehow demanding.

perfectly clear what he had in store for her. The ice in his mouth began to melt, and he let some dribble out onto her shoulder and then her breast. Her nipples ached they were so hard, and she longed for his mouth to close on them. He began to run a piece of ice down her cleavage and she lunged forward in an attempt to kiss him. "Don't make me tie you up." She could hear the smile in his voice, and she knew that he would be happy to oblige.

She felt his mouth on her breast, running his cold tongue along the smooth lines of her cleavage, as his fingers massaged her hard nipples. Oh.... when he played with her, it was pure pleasure. Few men realize just how much women like to be touched. He obviously had been paying attention, and knew exactly what she liked. She had never believed in Heaven, but she was now beginning to doubt her own beliefs.

He moved the ice lower and lower, until it reached her moist patch of hair. Her hips moved up to meet him, and he gently pushed them back. His warm hand massaged her thighs, and softly stroked her clit, as the other slipped a new piece of ice inside her hole. It felt like electricity. Every one of her senses was aroused in that one second. Behind the blindfold, her eyes could make out fuzzy colours and shapes, and if he had not stopped at that moment, she would have been crying out in ecstasy.

He left her there for several minutes, and she thought that she could hear him undressing. God, she hoped so. She was unsure as to how much pleasure she could stand. When he returned, he was between her legs, licking the entire length of her body with more ice in his mouth. He began to dart his tongue in and out of her hole, and the mix of hot and cold was incredible. She began to rock back and forth in an uncontrollable dance of orgasm. It was a sight he was familiar with and he hungrily plunged into her with ice still melting inside. She was dripping wet, with water and juices of her own. He pushed into her deeply, whispering things in her ear reserved for late night rendezvous. He fucked her hard and long, until she cried out and he could no longer hold back. He jerked deeper into her, as he filled her with his own sticky wetness.

Her orgasm had nearly driven her to tears, and she was pretty sure that she had lost consciousness for several seconds. He removed the blindfold and kissed her. "Is that what you had in mind?"

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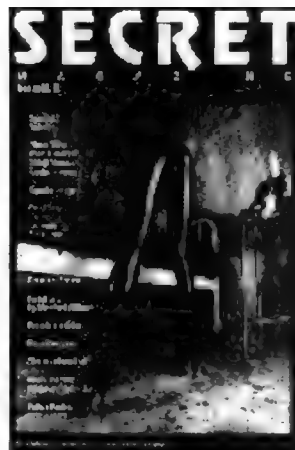


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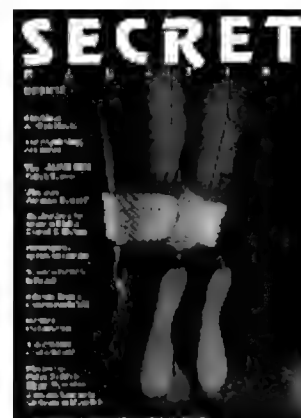
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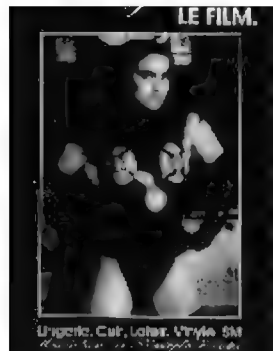




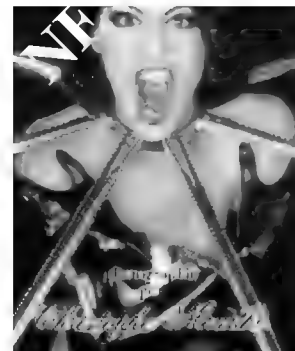
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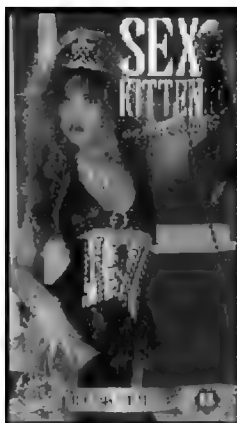
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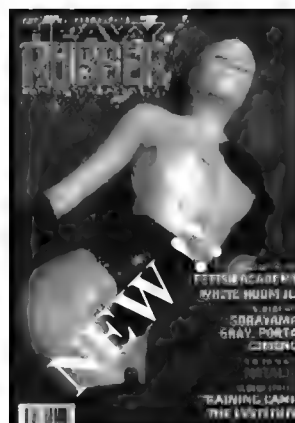
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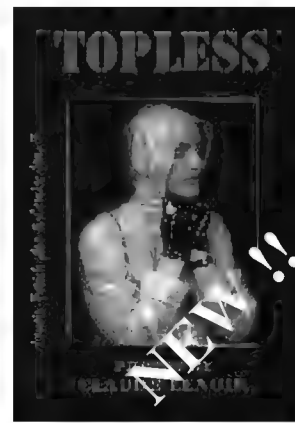
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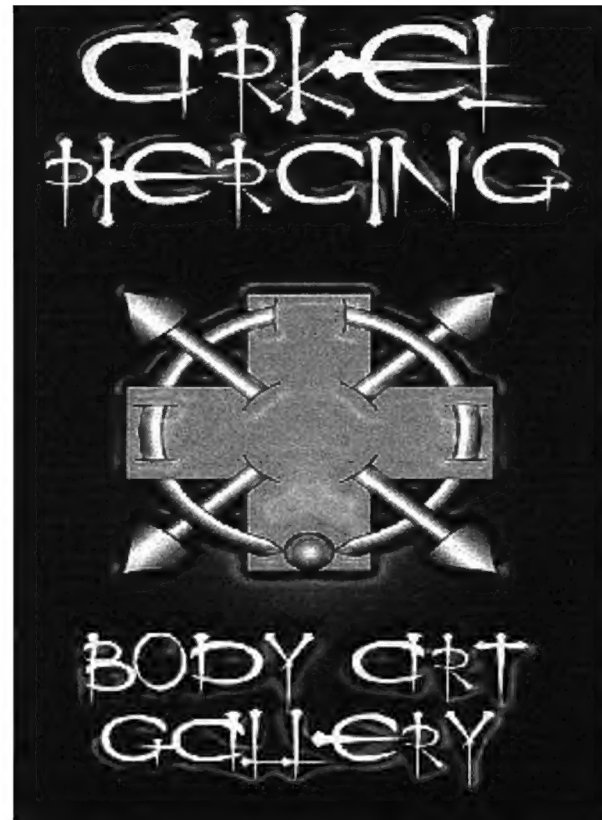
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